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NATIONAL REVIEW

Hezbollah's War and the Fight for the Middle East

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON,
PAUL JOHNSON, MARIO LOYOLA,
MICHAEL RUBIN, THE EDITORS

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AUGUST 28, 2006 VOL. LVIII, NO. 15

NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ ON THE COVER

Challenge upon Challenge

Why, critics moan, can't prosperous Western societies, sobered by September 11 and possessing superb conventional militaries and sophisticated anti-terrorism forces, overwhelm this latest generation of ragtag jihadists—and convey the importance of victory to the world at large? The reasons are several. *By Victor Davis Hanson*

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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 2006. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to NATIONAL REVIEW, Circulation Dept., P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 8:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to NATIONAL REVIEW, Circulation Dept., P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (24 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

August 28 issue; printed August 10

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ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
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letters to the editor

THOSE CANADIAN SOUTH ASIANS

I share the frustration articulated in The Week (July 3) about the inadequate description of the terrorists caught in Canada (they were referred to only as Canadian citizens or South Asians). Reuters and the *New York Times* ought to call them what they are: radical Muslims, or Islamists. The press certainly doesn't hesitate to toss around "Christian" when describing domestic, right-wing extremists. Let us recognize, however, that reports that sugarcoat terrorists' identities also do a disservice to the terrorists themselves. In the terrorists' eyes, nothing is more important than their cause, which is quite inseparable from their identities.

Greg Pierson
Visalia, Calif.

DÉJÀ VU

I loved the picture of "Ruby" Giuliani on your August 7 cover. If elected, he could be both president and First Lady. As in the Clinton days, we would get two for the price of one.

K. William Hess
Oceanside, Calif.

A FOREIGN SPORT

I can't understand why in the July 17 issue the editors, in a moment of absent-minded drivel, took a swipe at Futbol. While denigrating the game itself and wondering why anyone could be interested in such low-scoring fare, you even expanded your criticism to include national pride. Have you ever heard of the Olympics? Some people like stripes, some polka dots, and others plaid. It takes all kinds. Futbol is just a game, and the fact that some people inject more into it is not Futbol's issue but the individual's. Grow up.

Daniel Miles
Long Beach, Calif.

THE EDITORS REPLY: Futbol?

NOT SUCH A FLOP

In regard to your editorial "Failure to Launch" (August 7), I don't think it's fair to call the launch a "failure." Complex devices like the Taepodong-2 missile almost never work the first time, but telemetry will inform the engineers what went wrong and how to fix the problem. The North Korean missile threat will grow as a result of this launch—I'd bet it was much more instructive than it was disheartening for Kim Jong Il's regime.

Thomas Letchfield
Via e-mail

TWO THUMBS UP

I was a little shocked by Florence King's florid evaluation of Ann Coulter's unrestrained observational style ("Watch Ann Go *Whoosh!*," August 7). While little pleases me more than new material from Miss King—methodically whittling great oaks to splinters as she does—I also find much diversion and no small elucidation from Miss Coulter as she juggles flaming chainsaws. A subtle, refined gourmet meal is an offering of the truly sublime, but more often I dine on simpler, if occasionally coarser, fare.

Bob McGovern
Atlanta, Ga.

ENLIGHTENMENT

In reference to John Derbyshire's amusing column on electricity (August 7): If the voltage is high enough, the "electricity" *will* spill out of a cut cable, despite what he may have been told.

Michael Kornitzky
Via e-mail

JOHN DERBYSHIRE REPLIES: I really can't claim ignorance on this point anymore, as I have had so many kind explanations, and I do believe I now thoroughly understand. The little electrons all want to go to a place where there are no electrons (or many fewer). They are like wagon trains heading west.

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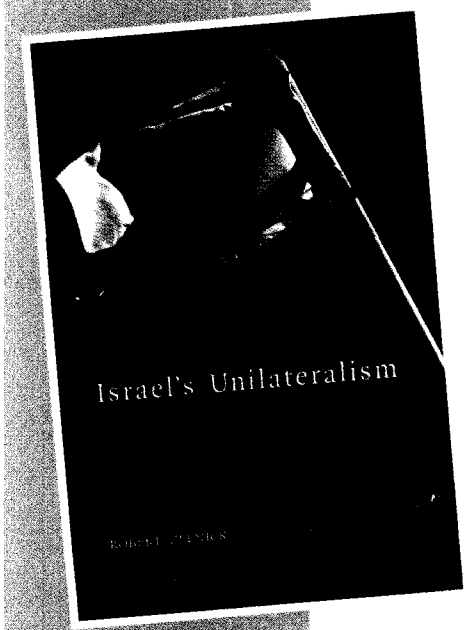
New from the Hoover Press

Israel's unilateral disengagement from Gaza–how and why did it happen?



Israel's Unilateralism

Beyond Gaza

ROBERT ZELNICK

"If there is a single book that can tell us where Israel stands today and where it is likely to go from here, it is this one."

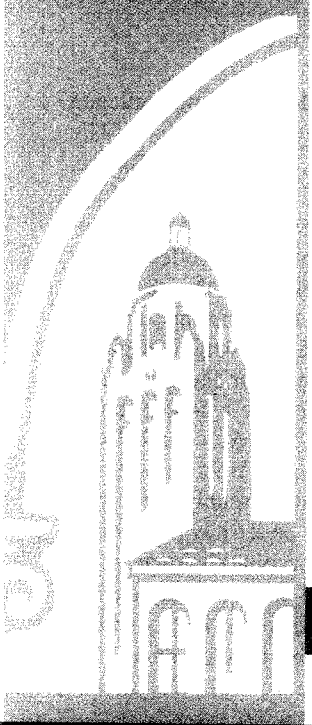
—Salameh Nematt, Washington bureau chief for *Al-Hayat* newspaper

"Bob Zelnick's study of Israeli unilateralism fills two important needs: for academics, it is a comprehensive initial examination of an issue that will dominate Israeli-Palestinian relations for years to come; and for policy makers, it is a primer on the next steps in the peace process. Zelnick's thorough review of Israel's disengagement policy sets the stage for understanding why the consensus within Israel has shifted so dramatically in support of Israeli-Palestinian separation. The extensive interviews conducted by Zelnick add depth and color to this insightful study."

—Daniel C. Kurtzer, former United States ambassador to Israel and Egypt and the S. Daniel Abraham Visiting Professor of Middle East Policy Studies at Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs

In August 2005, Israel closed its Gaza settlements and withdrew some 8,000 Jews who had lived there. In *Israel's Unilateralism,* award-winning journalist Robert Zelnick explains Israel's once-unthinkable disengagement from Gaza and tells what it might lead to in the future. In his highly engaging journalistic style, Zelnick chronicles the evolution of the policy that led to this earth-shaking event and underscores the politically realist-minded assumptions that continue to drive the policy forward.

June 2006, 158 pages
ISBN: 0-8179-4772-8
$15.00, paperback



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THE WEEK

■ John Kerry says the current fighting between Israel and Hezbollah wouldn't have broken out if he were president. Al Gore thinks his election as president in 2000 would have held the earth's temperature constant. If a Democrat wins the White House in 2008, will he put an end to death itself?

■ Joe Lieberman's four-point loss to Ned Lamont in the Connecticut Democratic Senate primary was close enough to make his Election Night pledge to run as an independent seem feisty, not a fit of pique. The early line is that he should win in a three-way race in November (the Republican, Alan Schlesinger, is a former mayor of Derby, and a card counter at casinos). But the early line was that Lieberman would win the primary. Lamont, a rich-kid cable exec and political tyro, was hardly a dream candidate. But the anti-war Left pushed him ahead of a three-term incumbent and former vice-presidential nominee. The zeal of the Lamontniks will be redoubled by victory, and re-redoubled by turmoil in the Middle East. Lamont's strategic vision? "Our nation is stronger when we work with our friends and negotiate with our enemies." Republicans should ask every Democrat running for office this fall whether he agrees. It is a sad comment that many Democratic voters do.

■ One bright note from the Nutmeg State. Joe Lieberman's website crashed on Primary Day, leading to charges that grass-eating Lamont supporters had deliberately overwhelmed it. NR's own computer whiz, Nathan Goulding, believes, however—based on evidence which only he and a few other advanced beings can understand—that the Lieberman site stumbled all on its own. That's one small step for political comity. Lamont will negotiate with our enemies *politely*.

■ Joe Schwarz was miscast as the Republican congressman from Michigan's Seventh District. The district was long represented by conservative Nick Smith. But when he retired, conservatives split among five candidates, and Schwarz, a tax-hiking pro-choicer, squeaked through. This year, conservatives united behind former state legislator Tim Walberg's campaign to unseat Schwarz. Our friends at the Club for Growth made the race a priority. And in a Republican district, that counted for more than Schwarz's endorsement by the Service Employees International Union and the League of Conservation Voters. Walberg won, and conservatives will pick up a much-needed seat in Congress.

■ Will Democrats attempt to impeach George W. Bush if they win control of the House of Representatives? They don't want you to think so. In May, when many people speculated that impeachment was at the heart of the Democratic agenda, a concerned Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi sent out word that it was "off the table." But now, we have in our hands a 350-page "investigative report" on the Bush administration's alleged "wrongdoing" entitled "The Constitution in Crisis: The Downing Street Minutes and Deception, Manipulation, Torture, Retribution, and Cover-ups in the Iraq War, and Illegal Domestic Surveillance." Written under the supervision of Democratic representative John Conyers, the report is, in effect, a road map for impeachment. To back up his claim that the Bush administration may have violated "26 laws and regulations," Conyers relies on such authorities as the left-wing conspiracy website RawStory.com, the left-wing anti-war sites DemocracyRising.us and AfterDowningStreet.org, the left-wing magazines *The Nation* and *Mother Jones*, and *New York Times* columnists Paul Krugman, Maureen Dowd, Bob Herbert, and Frank Rich. Conyers's case is, to put it charitably, somewhat fanciful. Of course, none of this would be terribly noteworthy were not Conyers the man who would become chairman of the House Judiciary Committee—the panel that would initiate any impeachment action—should Democrats win in November. Nancy Pelosi may claim that impeachment is off the table. "The Constitution in Crisis" proves otherwise.

Madonna, excommunicated? *(See page 12.)*

ROMAN GENN

■ New York congressman Charlie Rangel, a 35-year veteran of the House and an unapologetic race-baiter, is in line to chair the Ways and Means Committee if Democrats take back the chamber in November. He has announced (promised?) that he will quit the 110th Congress if his party returns in the minority. At last, a rousing Republican campaign theme: Retire Rangel!

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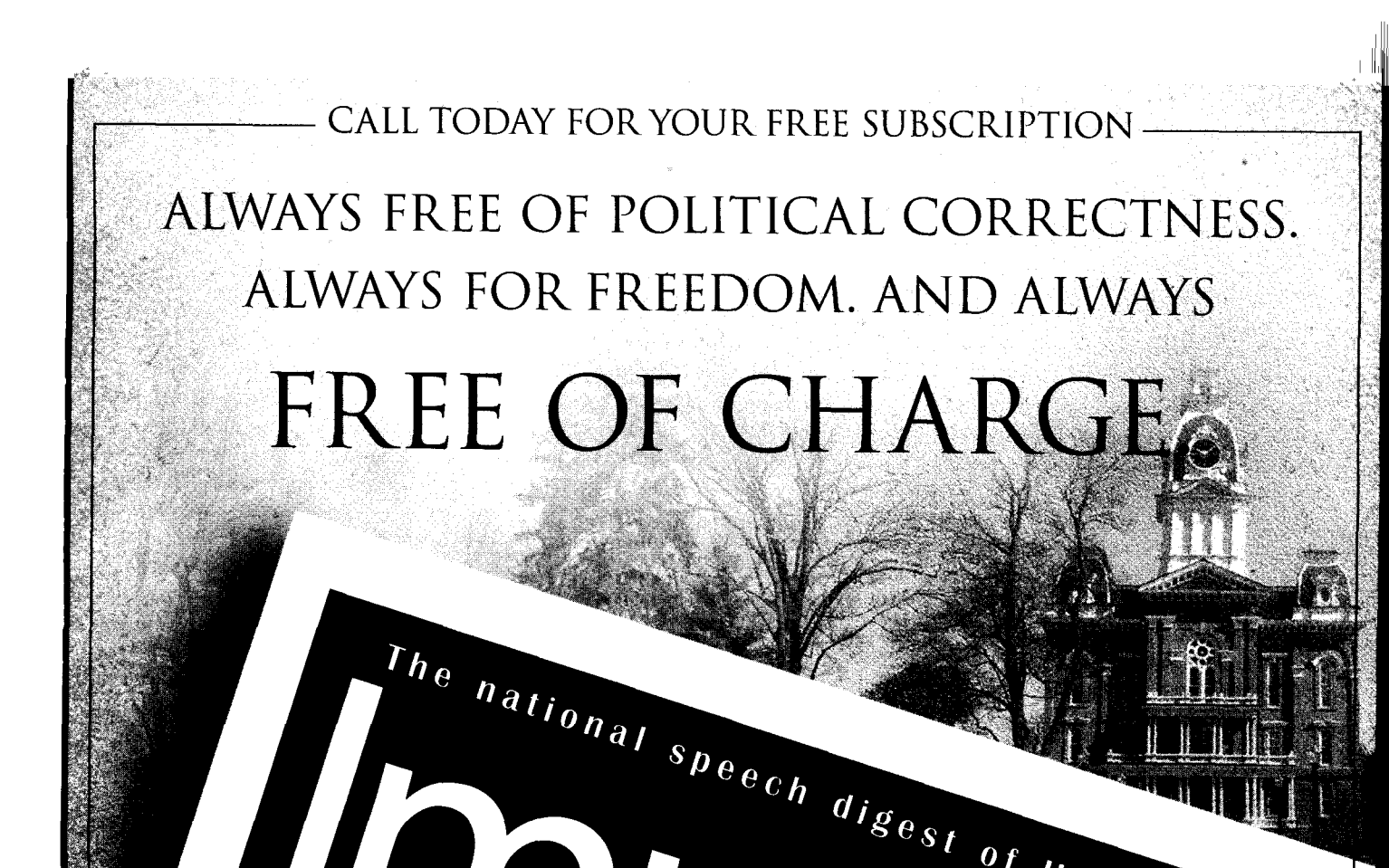

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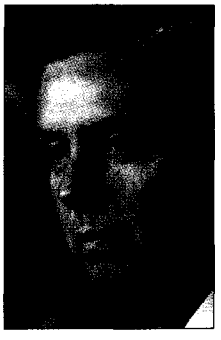
THE WEEK...

■ Memo to Senate Democrats: You can give up now. After a year as the recess-appointed U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, John Bolton will be formally confirmed to the job. There's been some wishful thinking that some Republicans on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—we've heard the names of Chuck Hagel, Lincoln Chafee, and John Sununu—might vote against Bolton in committee, thereby stopping the nomination cold. But a closer look indicates that the only senator who has changed his mind is George Voinovich, who stunned his fellow Republicans by opposing Bolton last year, and who now says he will vote for Bolton. Which means the only question will be whether Democrats filibuster the nomination, and it doesn't look like that will happen, either. "If you count the votes, a filibuster is unlikely," says Sen. Charles Schumer, the New York Democrat. All of that adds up to confirmation, which means Bolton can continue his work as a strong voice for the United States—and for sanity—at the U.N.



■ Sen. Lindsey Graham, Republican of South Carolina, is blocking the nomination of William J. Haynes II to an appeals court. As general counsel for the Pentagon, Haynes had to review a Justice Department memo listing 35 interrogation techniques that could be legally used on suspected terrorists. He concluded that 11 of them should be rejected. Seventeen of the remaining 24 were authorized by the Geneva Conventions. The other seven did not involve the infliction of pain, and were authorized only at Gitmo. Haynes did his job conscientiously. Yet he is being denounced as an enthusiast for torture, and even held responsible for the abuses at Abu Ghraib—which weren't even committed by interrogators. (The *New York Times* headlined its anti-Haynes editorial "Abu Ghraib Rewarded.") If Haynes makes it to the bench, we trust that he will judge more fairly than he is being judged now.

■ The media and defense attorneys have done a masterly job creating an image of Guantanamo detainees as hapless victims of American abuse. In fact, the detention facility is packed with hateful thugs who have devoted their lives to subjugating women and decapitating infidels. Thanks largely to the persistence of the Landmark Legal Foundation, a report has finally surfaced focusing on the prisoners as abusers, not abused. Gitmo's incarcerated jihadists have fashioned weapons out of sandals, toilets, fans, and radios. They have savagely attacked prison guards at every opportunity. And they have literally fought dirty: The report describes detainees' assaults ranging from (in the words of one press account) "head butting and spitting to routine dousing with cups filled with feces, urine, vomit and sperm." They would do much worse if freed.

■ Since 2001, environmentalists have been screaming that President Bush is "rolling back the Clean Air Act," and that the resulting increase in air pollution will kill people by the thousands. Instead, every category of air pollution has fallen since the 2000 election. Bush turned away from the regulation- and lawsuit-happy Clinton approach to enforcing environmental regulations; instead, his EPA formulated a rule that caps emissions but allows polluters who are able to reduce their emissions below required levels to sell their leftover pollution "allotment" to other companies. The effect has been to concentrate emissions reductions among the enterprises able to undertake them most efficiently, and to give all companies a financial incentive to lower their emissions (since they can sell any leftover emissions credits). A new report from the National Academy of Sciences concludes that this approach will likely prove just as effective as Clinton's—and at a much lower cost. Yet the environmentalists keep screaming. It's hard not to conclude that their real problem with the president is that he is a Republican.

■ The Senate passed the Child Custody Protection Act, which would make it a federal crime to transport a minor across a state line in order to evade her home state's parental-involvement laws on abortion. (Parents could still take their daughters across state lines for an abortion.) The measure has been passed by the House four times now, most recently over a year ago. Such commonsense restrictions on the ability of minors to get abortions are very popular. Yet even after the Senate passed the bill with a supermajority, Democratic leaders insisted on stalling the legislation by keeping it from a House-Senate conference. It is a sensible protection for girls and their parents, and should already have been sent to the president.

■ A task force of the American Bar Association has concluded that presidential signing statements are a menace to the Constitution. The task force is especially exercised by the idea that a president might sign a law while saying that he will not enforce some of its provisions for constitutional reasons. Such signing statements have a long history in this country, and for good reason. The alternatives are unacceptable. When bills contain thousands of provisions, some of them vital to the continuing operations of the government, the president cannot always veto them for containing objectionable elements. A president who enforced a statute he knew to be unconstitutional would be violating his oath of office. A president who refused to enforce it without explaining why would be undermining the transparency of government to achieve no worthwhile end. Arlen

A SPECIAL INVITATION

■ Please join Profs. Milton and Rose Friedman in San Francisco on Friday, September 22, 2006, for a cocktail party and buffet dinner in celebration and support of NATIONAL REVIEW and National Review Online. Editors in attendance will include Richard Lowry, Jay Nordlinger, Jonah Goldberg, Ramesh Ponnuru, and Kate O'Beirne, and we will also have former publishers William Rusher and Edward Capano on hand. For details, please contact Elena Koly at (212) 679-7330, ext. 2832, or e-mail her at ekoly@nationalreview.com.

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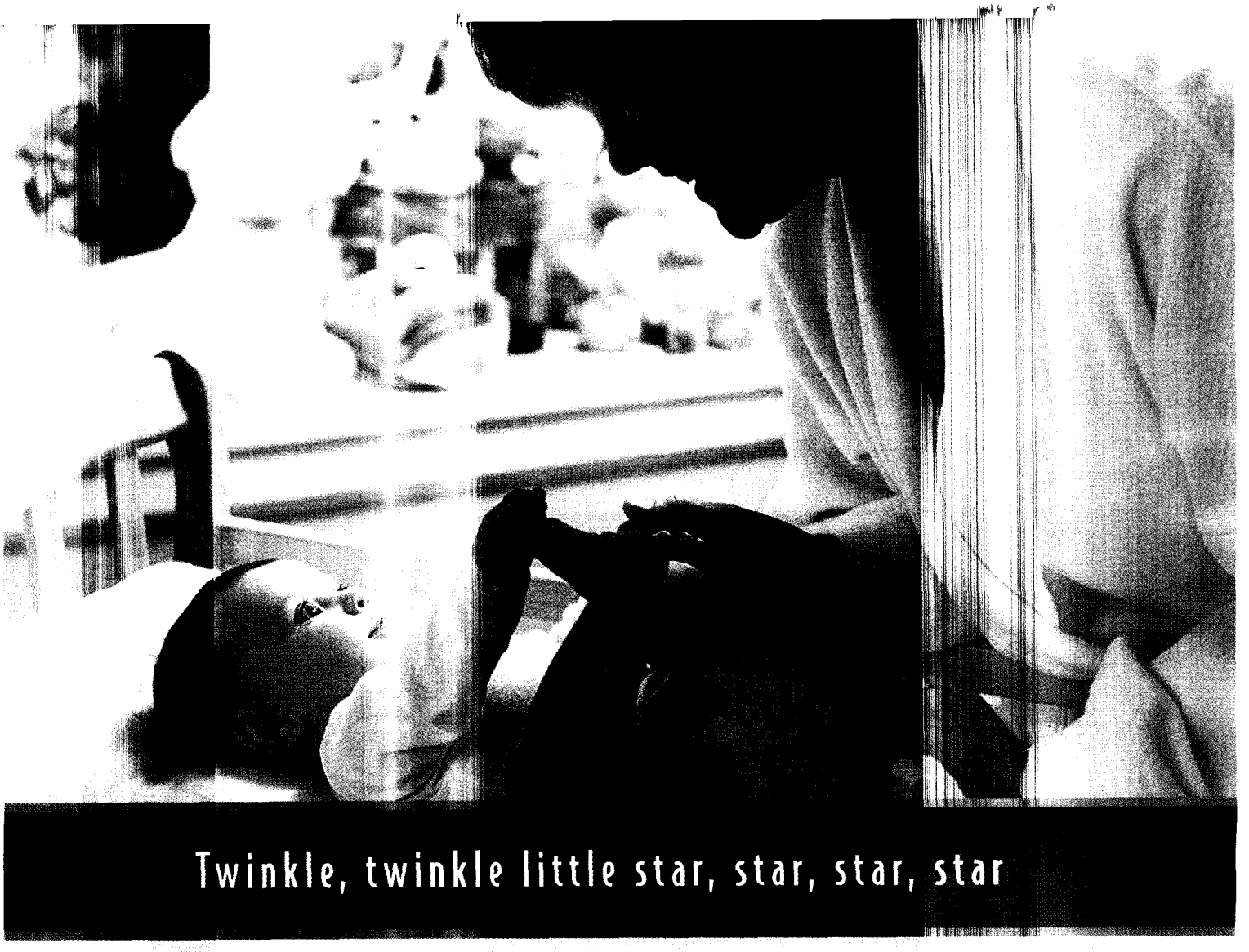

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THE WEEK...

Specter introduced legislation asking the courts to rule on signing statements. But our courts are not in the business of offering advisory opinions to the other branches of government; they are supposed to decide actual cases. In the weeks following the release of the task force's report, no academic not connected to it has endorsed it. Several prominent liberal lawyers, from Walter Dellinger to Laurence Tribe, have expressed their disagreement with it. Which makes it nearly unanimous.

■ Raising the minimum wage is very popular—the idea that it raises unemployment is not one that occurs to most people—and this year's elections look dicey for Republicans, so a lot of them felt that they had to back the proposal. To make it go over better with conservatives, party leaders decided to couple it with a reduction in the estate tax. Senate Democrats blocked the bill. Apparently they are so attached to the estate tax in its current form that they will even give up an increase in the minimum wage to protect it. So vulnerable Republicans can say they voted to increase the minimum wage, and Republican challengers will be able to say that the Democrats blocked estate-tax relief. That's a win for the GOP, if not a glorious one.

■ The supreme court of Washington State has declined to rewrite marriage laws to accommodate same-sex couples. It is the latest in a string of court victories for traditional marriage. The case for a constitutional amendment to protect marriage

ADALBERTO ROQUE/AFP

Fidel the Fascist

As of this writing Fidel Castro is either alive or dead, but his status is in limbo. Nonetheless, this is as propitious a moment as any to recognize Castro for what he truly is or was: the last fascist dictator.

This might seem an odd eulogy for a man so famously associated with Communism, and so notoriously affiliated with the Evil Empire. After all, this magazine, in its early years, invested a great deal of time and energy to make it clear—when so many others would not—that Cuba was Moscow's flagship franchise in the Western Hemisphere. And, besides, doesn't the slightest tug at the string attached to the Castro doll result in a two-hour stem-winder on the evils of fascism?

Yes, yes, Castro was Moscow's marionette. And of course he prattles on about American fascism more than an English professor at Columbia. But that's irrelevant. Anyone who studies fascism quickly realizes that fascism the *word* is not always attached to fascism the *thing*.

Think about it. What characteristics does a fascist dictator possess? Well, he wears a military uniform all the time. Check. He thrives on a cult of personality. Check. He uses populist rhetoric to cast himself as the voice and conscience of "the people." Check. He relies on nationalistic sentiment to sustain his regime. Check. He gives very long self-indulgent speeches from balconies to undifferentiated throngs of allegedly worshipful subjects. Check. He might even have iconic facial hair. Check.

Okay, the last one isn't really an indicator of fascism. But, oddly enough, what supposedly makes Castro a hero of anti-fascists qualifies him as one himself. Castro rails about how Cuba is a "proletariat nation" standing up to imperialist powers, i.e., America. Well, it was Benito Mussolini—merging Marxist doctrines of class struggle with nationalism—who largely invented the concept of the "proletariat nation" standing up to the imperialists (France and Britain at the time). Castro's cult of personality is a fascist cliché. What defined Italian fascism for its first decade in power, as much as anything else, was the mythology of Mussolini's youthful omni-competence: He ran most governmental ministries himself! How many times in recent weeks have you heard how helpless Cuba is sans Castro, because he makes every decision?

But what about all of those things the Left insists define fascism—capitalism, oppression, racism, imperialism, etc.? First, among scholars, the Marxist conception of fascism as the tool of international capitalism collapsed alongside the Berlin Wall. (It is, however, worth noting that Cuba cooperates with European capitalists in order to stay afloat.) As for oppression, it is simply a fact that Castro's record is as bad as Mussolini's, if not worse. Castro has certainly executed more political dissidents and opponents than Mussolini did. Racism really isn't a fascist so much as a Nazi bailiwick.

As for imperialism, the story's a bit muddier. The real aim for fascists wasn't so much conquest and land but greatness and pride. And while we shouldn't forget the wanderlust of Cuban military "advisers" over the years—from Grenada to Africa—America has prevented Cuba from satisfying its fascist self-esteem through conquest. Still, Fidel shows his greatness by "standing up" to America (by standing on the necks of ordinary Cubans).

As NR so famously chronicled at the time, Fidel "got [his] job through the *New York Times*" when foreign correspondent Herbert Matthews hailed him as the ubermensch of Latin America. It is worth noting that Matthews's first big story was an apologia for another revolutionary dictator: Benito Mussolini.

—JONAH GOLDBERG

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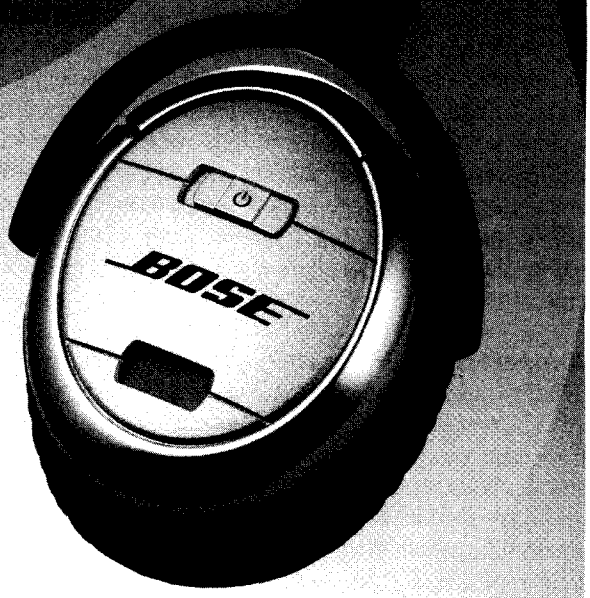

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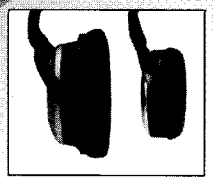

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THE WEEK...

was premised on a judicial campaign to redefine it; so in the wake of these court victories, the amendment seems less urgent. Yet we suspect that these decisions may reflect only a transitory change in judicial mood in response to political circumstances. The high court of Massachusetts, by imposing same-sex marriage on that state, aroused serious opposition. The demand for an amendment was the indispensable organizing cry of that opposition. The opposition has not succeeded in enacting the amendment. It has, however, succeeded in enacting state initiatives protecting marriage, in electing some pro-marriage politicians—and in making judges around the country wary of following the example of their Massachusetts colleagues. In other words: The campaign for a marriage amendment may be responsible for some of the courtroom triumphs that seem to make it less necessary. If that campaign lets up, don't be surprised if the courts start to feel their penumbras.

■ Akbar Mohammadi, a student activist in Iran, has died in Tehran's notorious Evin Prison. The cause of death was reported to be a massive coronary; but his sister, as well as some of his fellow inmates, believe he was poisoned by prison guards, and his body bore marks of torture. His parents have been detained by the authorities, and his family was not allowed to attend his funeral. He gave his life to bring freedom to the Iranian people, and his death is a reminder that undermining the mullahs' regime is not just sound geopolitical strategy: It is also a great moral cause.

■ Don't expect much of the world to care about that cause, though—or to defend itself against the mullahs' nuclear threat. The U.N. Security Council has passed a resolution requiring Iran to cease uranium enrichment by August 31 or face possible diplomatic and economic sanctions. China and Russia, however, succeeded in weakening the resolution so that, rather than imposing sanctions immediately upon Iranian noncompliance, it would simply require the Security Council to hold more discussions. Iran, for its part, has rejected the resolution and continues to show no intention of halting its nuclear activities. It becomes less plausible each day that diplomacy will reform Iran's rulers. We trust that the Bush administration recognizes this, and hope it is willing to do the necessary to protect America and the world from the danger they pose.

■ Somalia slid closer to Taliban-style rule when 40 government ministers resigned their posts. They did so to protest prime minister Ali Mohamed Gedi's unwillingness to reconcile with the Islamist militia that has seized control of much of the country, including Mogadishu, and subjected it to the tender mercies of sharia courts. The ministers, though not belonging to the militia themselves, think that its dominance is inevitable and that it must accordingly form part of Gedi's government. Somalia is a benighted chaos that has lacked effective central control since 1991, and there is little the West can immediately do to shore up Gedi. But there is a real risk that Somalia, like Afghanistan before it, will become a base for terrorists. And that means it is a benighted chaos which demands our attention.

■ Saddam Hussein, on trial for massacring 148 Shiites in 1982, told the judge that he should not be hanged "like a common criminal." He has a point. How many common criminals have gassed, tortured, and otherwise slaughtered thousands of fellow citizens, by specific command or through an apparatus of state terror, including two psychopathic sons? What would his victims wish for him? What would justice require? But post-Saddam Iraq is too humane to give Saddam what he deserves. So, if the court finds him guilty, the rope it will be.

■ The latest round of global trade talks collapsed after the European Union and the United States decided they could not reconcile their positions on farm subsidies and tariffs. EU trade commissioner Peter Mandelson blamed the U.S. for refusing to give up its large payments to farmers. U.S. trade representative Susan Schwab shot back that the EU had offered almost nothing in the way of increased access to its heavily protected agricultural markets. Farm-subsidy reform should not have to wait on a resolution to this bickering. The U.S. farm program adds around $20 billion a year to the deficit, awards billions to landowners who don't grow anything, and increases the price of farmland and equipment—trapping farmers in a cycle of dependency on the federal government. The farm program is a monument to waste, fraud, and abuse. President Bush and Congress should work unilaterally to reduce levels of farm spending in the United States. Not only would it benefit U.S. consumers and taxpayers, it might be the drastic move needed to get world trade talks back on track.

■ A U.N. committee has criticized the treatment of blacks and the poor in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. They were apparently "disadvantaged," and the U.S. must make sure they are "fully taken into consideration in the reconstruction plans with regard to access to housing, education and health care." To which we reply: Thank you, O U.N., thou beacon to mankind, for shining forth on this tenebrous world. Who else would safeguard the rights of Louisiana's poor? Or of the oppressed in Tehran and Pyongyang? Or stop the genocide in

SO LONG, JOE

Though Dodd pitched in and Big Bad Bill
Pulled all the organ stops—
Which bugged the Missus—Lieberman
Decelerates like tops
Ignored by unattractive kids
Cranky on Christmas Day,
Until, with one last wobble, Joe
Joins Al and fades away.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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ARE WE BLIND?

Can't We See What Is Happening To Us?

We are living far beyond our means and are improperly using statistics that distort reality and misleadingly show that things are wonderful. We are importing more than we can pay for, producing less in American-owned factories, and selling off our irreplaceable wealth-producing companies and other assets to pay for imports and debt.

Losing Ownership and Control Of Our Country

We are losing ownership and control of our country through unsustainable balance-of-trade deficits. In the last 10 years, we have lost $3.6 trillion through these trade deficits. $1.2 trillion has been returned and used by foreign companies to buy our best companies like Chrysler, Amoco Oil, Atlantic Richfield Oil, and over 8,000 other strategic companies. **Key chokepoint industries are overwhelmingly foreign-owned**, like cement (81% foreign owned), movies and sound recording (75%), book publishing (63%), coal mining (48%), pharmaceuticals (40%), and TV manufacturing (100%).

GDP Far Overstates Our True Economic Health

We say our GDP is growing over 3% per year over the last 10 years. However, this statistic does not adequately measure the impact of the deterioration of our domestically owned production and manufacturing capabilities. 70% of GDP is consumer spending - dollars that now go largely to imports or products made domestically by foreign-owned companies (e.g., Hyundai's produced in Alabama). Figures from the IRS show that **imports account for at least 25% of manufactured goods consumption in the U.S.** and that many US so-called domestic industries are actually 25% to 100% foreign owned.

Rising GDP Only Increases US Trade Deficits

As our domestically owned manufacturing continues to decline, **rising GDP actually increases the balance of trade deficits**. This is because 70% of our GDP is consumer spending, and much of this is spent on imports. In other words, the more our economy grows the more of our core assets we must sell to fund our consumption of imports. On average, our balance-of-trade deficit has grown 24% compounded annually over the last 10 years. GDP simply does not account for the loss of wealth producing assets or the future cost of repaying the debts and rebuilding our lost industries. In 2005 alone, the balance-of-trade deficit was a record $723 billion. **That is approximately $1.4 million per minute leaving our country, coming back not to buy merchandise but to buy us out**.

Repaying Our Debts By Selling Our Core Assets

How will we ever repay our debts - $300+ billion per year internal Federal deficit (nearly 100% foreign-funded) and $700+ billion per year external trade deficit - when we no longer have any significant tradable, domestically owned wealth-producing industries left? **How can we fund new growth and repay debts to foreign countries if our industries and their profits are owned by those very countries?**

Prioritize Domestic Sustainable Economic Health

While we focus on changing Social Security and other programs, we don't realize that no system will work if we are not able to create wealth within our own country to fund it. Tax cuts to increase spending on imports cannot sustain our economy. The most important priority is planning for our economic health, from which many other issues will be resolved. If this country is not fundamentally capable of sustaining itself without huge imports and massive borrowings, no amount of legislation will satisfy our obligations and sustain our standard of living.

Endangering Our Own Security And Consuming Our Industries

How secure can we be if we must live on imports and sell off or dismantle our factories? And how safe will we be if we are forced to *outsource* our manufacturing to foreign companies in order to compete? How can we justify subsidized foreign owned manufacturing *insourcing* in America (e.g., the auto industry) that is operating for their profit and their benefit while they destroy our unsubsidized and disadvantaged American-owned auto and other factories that are saddled with excessive health and pension costs? Chrysler is now a German company. General Motors is in quick decline and has lost billions in recent quarters. Ford & GM are quickly losing market share. **If some outside enemy wanted to destroy America, they couldn't do it better than we are doing it ourselves**.

We are taking the invulnerability and permanence of our industries and country for granted while other countries are actively engaged in our undoing. Why are we allowing this to happen? Are we blind – can't we see we can't continue like this?

You have lived in a great country. **At this rate, your children will not have it as good or as safe as you have had**. Ask that your politicians address these issues or we must demand new leaders.

Source: www.economyincrisis.org

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View the percentage of American industries now foreign owned.
See the foreign countries to which we are now indebted.

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The Week...

Darfur? Or keep U.N. peacekeepers from raping African children? Or . . . oh, wait . . .

■ Time was, the principal hazard facing a dog in China was ending up as the third entrée at someone's wedding banquet. Then came prosperity, the rise of a middle class, and a fondness for dogs as family pets. Now, alas, the ever more health-conscious Chinese have woken to the fact that their nation has one of the world's highest rates of rabies infection. The Chinese Communist authorities are tackling the issue in their own inimitably straightforward way, sending teams of men into the worst-affected districts to dispatch all the dogs they can find, frequently by clubbing them to death in front of their owners. This cull has raised some muted protests from Chinese dog lovers. They should be grateful for small mercies: Until 30 years ago, the Chinese Communist Party conducted regular culls of inconvenient human beings.

■ Yet another setback for multiculturalism in Britain: The nation's biggest amusement park has scrapped plans for a Muslims-only day in September. An outfit named Islamic Leisure had rented the park for a whole day, on the understanding that the park would conform to strict standards of Islamic purity during that period. There was to be halal food and a strict dress code. Music, gambling, and alcohol were to be banned, and the rides would be segregated by sex. Alas, only 1,000 people bought tickets, far below the numbers needed to make the event profitable. It is hard to know what conclusions we should draw from this fiasco. Do Britain's 1.7 million Muslims not like fun? Or do they just not like their fun to be quite so . . . Islamified? Or were they perhaps put off by the protests from British non-Muslims, not all of whom have yet been intimidated into silence? We don't know. But a thousand British Muslims must now return to waiting patiently for the opening of a Disneyworld (Disneycaliphate?) in the Muslim Middle East.

■ The most horrid crimes are those committed against children. Leveraging on this universally accepted axiom, fools and mischief-makers have promoted every kind of folly "for the sake of the children." Case in point: 64-year-old Betty Williams of Belfast, Northern Ireland. Ms. Williams was a co-recipient, with another Belfast lady, of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1976, after the two women were instrumental in organizing a nonsectarian peace movement. Ms. Williams now heads the Global Children's Foundation, and is president of the World Centers of Compassion for Children International. Addressing a roomful of young people in Brisbane, Australia, the other day, Ms. Williams, after speaking of the deaths of children in the Middle East, delivered herself of the following compassionate remark: "I have a very hard time with this word 'non-violence,' because I don't believe that I am non-violent. . . . Right now, I would love to kill George Bush." Her audience at the Brisbane City Hall clapped and cheered. A great many people would like to do violence to our president, it seems . . . for the sake of the children, of course.

■ Even after acknowledging his drunken and profane tirade against the Jews, Mel Gibson insists that he is no anti-Semite. It may be that he is merely being cynical: that he is a thorough anti-Semite who finds it politic to deny the fact. Or it may be that he has some strong anti-Semitic impulses but recognizes, most of the time, that these impulses are wrong and should be resisted. It is both charitable and plausible to assume the latter. While reasonable people can disagree about the merits of his movie *The Passion of the Christ*, we do not think it was anti-Semitic; and this sad and troubling episode has given us no reason to change that view.

■ Sticks and stones . . . Without denying that Mel Gibson's drunken rant is newsworthy and deplorable, let us always bear in mind that words are words, while deeds are deeds. Because Gibson is a celebrity, his words will be forever attached to his name. How many of us, unprompted, could attach anti-Semitic deeds to the names of Naveed Afzal Haq, Hesham Mohamed Hadayet, and Rashid Baz? The first of those names got into a Jewish charity office in Seattle the other day and shot six women, killing one. The second opened fire at Los Angeles International Airport one day in 2002, while standing in line at the ticket counter of Israel's El Al Airlines. He killed two people and wounded four others. The third shot up a van full of Hasidic Jewish boys on the Brooklyn Bridge in New York City back in 1994, killing one boy and wounding several others. All these acts were inspired by anti-Semitism, as the perpetrators made plain. While we contemplate this horrid blight, and put names to it, let the first names we think of be those of people who did not merely speak while drunk and angry, but planned, resolved, and *acted* on their vile beliefs.

■ Madonna took her Confessions tour, in which she is suspended from a cross, to Rome. Cardinal Ersilio Tonini suggested, with the Pope's approval, that she should be excommunicated. Your Eminence, your Holiness: Madonna has suffered a far worse penalty. No one has paid attention to her since 1992. She still sells tickets, just like Wayne Newton in Vegas. "Why this is hell, nor am I out of it."

CONFESSIONS TOUR 2006

■ Athenian: Education is, in fact, the drawing and leading of children to the rule which has been pronounced right by the voice of the law. That, I hold, proves to be the true purpose of what we call our "songs." They are really spells for souls. Clinias: Great God, sir, do you imagine that is how poetry is actually produced? As far as my own observation goes, I know of no such practice as you recommend. [Instead] I notice endless innovation in dancing and all branches of music generally, constant change, inspired not by the laws but by a sort of unregulated taste. (Plato, *The Laws*, 2:659d-660b.) Happy 25th birthday, MTV.

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About Your Professor

Dr. John R. Hale is the Director of Liberal Studies at the University of Louisville. His writing has been published in the journal *Antiquity,* the *Classical Bulletin,* the *Journal of Roman Archaeology,* and *Scientific American.* He is also the author of *Lords of the Sea* and has received many awards for distinguished teaching, including the Panhellenic Teacher of the Year Award and the Delphi Center Award.

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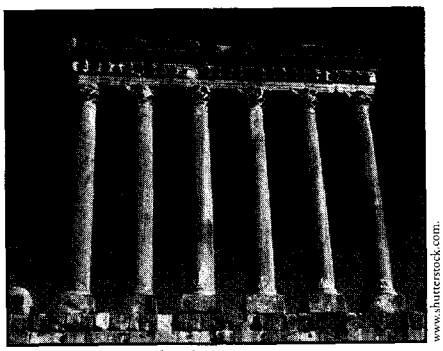

Roman Columns at Heliopolis

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THE WEEK...

■ Did you see the blockbuster story in *Rolling Stone*? "Led Zeppelin: The Heaviest Band of All Time" will warm the hearts of the nostalgia set. But we're referring to "Iran: The Next War," by James Bamford, which sets its sights on one of our own, NRO contributing editor Michael Ledeen, alleging that he is part of a cabal working 24/7 to pull the United States into war with Iran. Do you think we're exaggerating? In the article, Bamford writes that "Ledeen and his Pentagon cabal" have long agitated for a U.S. invasion of Iran and are now delighted with the violence in the Middle East because "the war in Lebanon represents the final step in their plan to turn Iran into the next Iraq." Not to put too fine a point on it, but that is simply a crock, as Ledeen himself explained in a recent letter to *Rolling Stone*. "I've openly and consistently opposed military invasion, yet Bamford says I'm trying—and on the verge of succeeding—to cause a 'bloody war,'" Ledeen wrote. Oops. As they say, reasonable people can disagree on the next step the U.S. should take toward Iran. But falsehoods like those published in *Rolling Stone* set back, rather than advance, the argument.

■ Being the new kid on the block is never easy, especially when you arrive after nine months of struggle over marketing, femininity, and political correctness. That was the genesis of Abby Cadabby. She is the first female lead character on *Sesame Street*, making her debut this month. It was, apparently, exceedingly difficult to create a Muppet who would embrace femininity but avoid the deficiencies of the fairer sex: "If Cookie Monster was a female character," explained the executive producer, "she'd be accused of being anorexic or bulimic." Quoth another expert: "It would be hard to have a female character with Elmo's whimsy who didn't also seem ditzy." How about Oscar the Grouch, with his constant anger and tendency to wallow in his own filth? How about Kermit the Frog, an alpha male with a preening God complex? Taken together, the cast of *Sesame Street* is a who's who of mental disorders, social pathologies, and deviant lifestyles. Or maybe—just maybe—*Sesame Street* is a show for children, and should not be subject to the scrutiny of hyper-sensitive adults.

SESAME WORKSHOP

AT WAR

Losing in Lebanon

As an illustration of Clausewitz's famous axiom that war is a continuation of politics by other means, the Israel–Hezbollah conflict is almost ideal. Hezbollah wants to stay on Israel's northern border, toward the ultimate goal of wiping Israel off the map. Israel wants Hezbollah pushed off the border, toward the ultimate goal of eliminating it as an armed militia. These obviously are irreconcilable goals. And when the struggle to advance them moves from the battlefield to the diplomatic arena, they remain just as irreconcilable.

As soon as the U.S. and France agreed on a proposed ceasefire resolution at the United Nations, Hezbollah, the Lebanese government, and the Arab League nixed it. The draft called for a ceasefire from Hezbollah and an end to Israeli "offensive" operations, while the Israelis would hold southern Lebanon until a robust international force could be deployed there as stipulated by a second U.N. resolution. The Lebanese and the Arab League object to Israel's staying in Lebanon and want it to hand over the south to a Lebanese army and a slightly larger U.N. force immediately.

This might seem a mere matter of sequencing, but it's not. It is the central issue in the war. If Israel leaves immediately, Hezbollah will be right back on its northern border. Arabs complained that the proposed U.S.-French resolution handed the Israelis their military objective by diplomatic means. That it did, which is why it was so desirable, and why America's ability to get the French to sign off on it—if only temporarily—was such an impressive feat of negotiation. For the first time in history, the U.N. would have intervened in the midst of an Israeli–Arab war in effect to help the Israeli side.

Because here's the rub: In the first three weeks of the war, Israel did not weaken Hezbollah sufficiently to compel it to go along with any settlement acceptable to the Jewish state. Indeed, if Israel were waging a war against bridges, highways, and South Beirut apartment buildings, it would already have won a resounding victory. But it is fighting a tenacious guerrilla force that can be swept out of the south only with the kind of massive ground invasion that, at the outset, it preferred to avoid.

Hezbollah wants to stay on Israel's northern border, toward the ultimate goal of wiping Israel off the map.

Absent a clear Hezbollah defeat, a satisfactory diplomatic result is hard to imagine. The Lebanese government and other Arabs will find it difficult to stand up to a militia that fought the mighty Israelis to at least a draw. An international peacekeeping force, meanwhile, is unlikely to hold its own against a Hezbollah that hasn't been defanged, and such a force may well become complicit in Hezbollah's control of the south, in a repeat of the feckless performance of the current force, UNIFIL.

As we go to press, Israel seems finally to be pushing on the ground toward the Litani River, 18 miles inside southern Lebanon. This means that after all the international phone calls among foreign ministers and all the talk at the U.N., the only prospect is more war—as often happens when two sides have politically and existentially irreconcilable goals. Israel now has a chance to establish a significant buffer zone in southern Lebanon that it can hold until a meaningful international force arrives to take over.

The U.S. has an interest in seeing the hostile states of Syria and Iran weakened through their proxy Hezbollah, and so has

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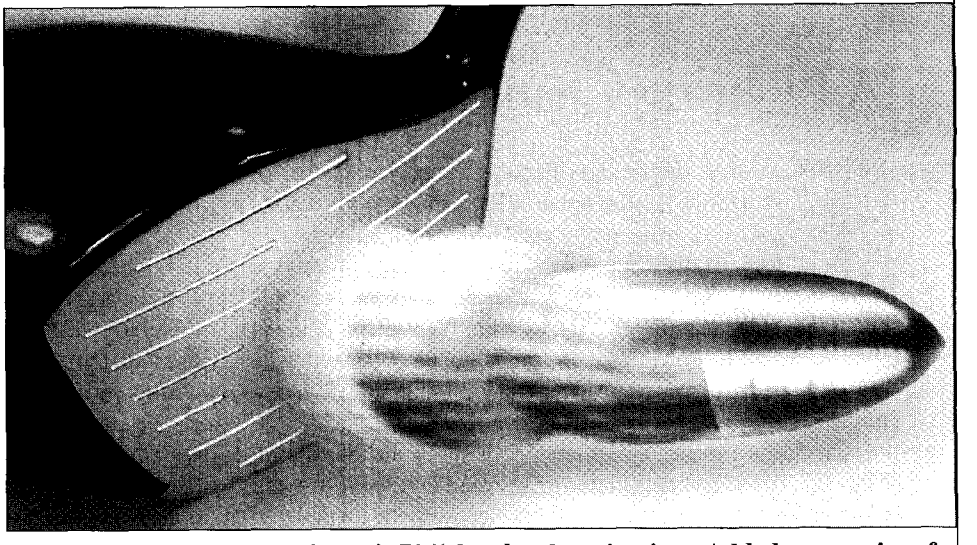
New golf club's secret metal may hit too far on some par-4's.

Coating on surface derived from armor-piercing metal used by military.

Largest head size allowed.



Coating on face of new golf club is 70% harder than titanium. Added power, size of head, challenge distance restrictions.

YALESVILLE, CT -- A small company in Connecticut has taken the largest head allowed under the Rules of Golf, and souped it up with a coating derived from a once-secret metal developed by the Department of Defense to pierce enemy armor.

by Charlie Allen

The coating hits with a force twice as hard as steel, 70% harder than titanium.

With that much punch a good golfer could turn some par-4's into par-3's.

That's not what officials had in mind when they set a 460 cc size limit on clubs. Golf officials were trying to restrict distance, and they still are. There is talk of new rules requiring manufacturers to tone down their balls.

Good luck. Manufacturers will always push the envelope, and the maker of this club is no exception. Look what it's done. First, it chooses a club head that goes right to size limit, then it slips in under the radar with a coating that comes from the tips of torpedoes and armor-piercing shells. Nothing wrong here, unless the club provokes a new rule. And it might. Here's how it performed when a pro and other golfers tested it.

20-40 yards farther

One golfer hit seven out of eight shots 20 yards farther with the new club. "I wish I hadn't just spent $400.00 on mine," he said.

A ten-handicapper, who also plays a $400.00 driver, hit the new club *40 yards farther*. He said, "I'm not doing anything. It seems to swing itself."

Another golfer who had just bought a 460 cc driver (they can cost $400.00 to $500.00) wanted to get his money back. A husky golfer who swings at about 120 MPH actually cracked a ball with it. Another golfer hit five of his seven drives from even to ten yards past shots he hit with his own driver, a $449.00 club.

Too powerful forsome par-4's

A former PGA pro who played it in California said he had to club-down to a 3-wood on several par-4's. A *21-time* Connecticut long-ball champ said of the 500 drivers he's used used over twenty years, this one hit farther with less effort than any of them. One golfer begged the company to let him take it with him for a week in Palm Springs. A low-handicapper curved several shots around imaginary dog legs 220 yards out. The club's huge sweet spot gave him more room to work the ball from toe to heel.

I asked a Director of the company that developed the club, called the *Controller® 460*, for comments. He lit up.

70% harder than titanium

"This is the driver of all time! Tell me how anything can beat this: A driver with a maxed out head and sweet spot, a coating derived from a metal used by the military to pierce enemy armor -- steel and titanium are to weak to do that -- a clubface twice as hard as steel, 70% harder than titanium, a 45 1/2 inch, 69-gram high-fiber, graphite shaft that cracks through the air like a bull whip. What's left! Look at those shots! That guy over there will shoot scratch golf.

"We're giving golfers 30 days to play it. If their scores don't drop big time, they can send it back and we'll refund its price promptly."

Big drivers hit big shots. That's why there's a 460 cc limit. A 460 cc driver with a 70% kicker hits really big shots.

If you want to play the *Controller® 460* for 30 days, call the company at **1-800-285-3900** or go to **www.ngcgolf.com**. You can also send your name and a check (or cc number and exp. date) to NGC Golf **(Dept. FD-66)**, 60 Church Street, Yalesville CT 06492. It's not in stores.

The graphite shaft model costs only $99.00; the company's top-of-the-line TurboTip® graphite shaft costs $119.00. The TurboTip® shaft has a big-butt grip for firmer control and extra weight in its tip for more club head speed.

When you buy the driver, the matching 3 and 5-woods are available at a $10.00 discount off the driver's price.

Specify shaft model, right or left-handed, regular or stiff flex. S/h is $14.95 for one, two or three clubs. CT add 6% sales tax.

Oh, yes. If you swing at 120 MPH, bring some extra balls.

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an interest in a clear Israeli victory. That is what the scuttled U.N. resolution would have provided, and what Israel now needs to win on the battlefield.

AT WAR II

A Fighting Chance in Iraq

THE Iraq debate has become largely a matter of semantics: Is the country suffering a civil war or not? Hawks generally want to deny that this is a civil war for the same reason that opponents of the war insist that it is: The term "civil war" denotes for most people an unwinnable quagmire that the U.S. has no business being in the middle of. If the violence in Iraq is not as organized as in our own Civil War, or as pervasive as in Lebanon's, it is certainly severe enough to qualify as a civil war.

That doesn't mean it will inevitably spiral out of control. The wars of the Balkans in the 1990s were civil wars as well, but the West managed to intervene to promote a stable, if imperfect, settlement that ended the killings and prevented the violence from spreading more widely. The government in Iraq is still standing and includes all factions of the country, while it is the country's malign actors—the Sunni insurgents and the Shiite militias—who are working hard to foment the sectarian violence that apparently still hasn't taken on an unstoppable momentum. These are factors in our favor. But it remains the case that success in Iraq seems more out of reach than it has at any time since the initial invasion three years ago.

We have an obligation to try to save Iraq as long as there is a reasonable chance of doing so.

One would think this would prompt a sense of dire urgency within the Bush administration, but if it has, it isn't evident. Prime Minister Maliki's plan to secure Baghdad—which amounted to a lot of checkpoints on the roads—has failed miserably. (The problem isn't the number of checkpoints, but finding someone trustworthy enough to man them.) In response, the U.S. and Maliki have a new plan to secure Baghdad. At this rate, "plan to secure Baghdad" will join "stay the course" as a phrase that can't be uttered about Iraq without causing derision.

The latest plan calls for 3,500 U.S. troops to redeploy from elsewhere in the country—including violent Anbar province—into Baghdad. It seems unlikely either that these troops can be spared from the areas they are leaving or that 3,500 Americans is enough to make a decisive difference in the capital city of nearly 6 million. Once again, the administration seems content with doing just enough perhaps—if it's lucky—to hold things together, rather than dramatically changing facts on the ground. It might be that achieving the reality of success is being held hostage to maintaining some façade of success. Sending 20,000 more troops to Baghdad might have more effect, but it would also serve to highlight the magnitude of the problem. We find it hard to believe that whatever the question in Iraq is, the answer is always American troop levels of roughly 130,000. Not only would it be politically difficult for the administration to send many more troops, there is also a strain on the Army and Marines—no matter how many times the Pentagon denies it—in having most of their combat units in Iraq and Afghanistan, or in transit to or from those places.

It is a symptom of the administration's on-again-off-again approach to Iraq that the newest plan to secure Baghdad is based on Gen. Pete Chiarelli's approach of securing the city neighborhood by neighborhood, then showering Iraqis with reconstruction projects. When he did this in parts of Baghdad two years ago, it was widely considered a success, but his strategy was apparently forgotten when he was rotated out of Iraq, only to be dusted off again as part of another new plan.

If the administration isn't going to send more troops to Iraq, there are other things that can be done. Resources should be poured into improving the interior ministry and its forces, which have been infiltrated by the killers preying on Baghdad's Sunnis. American advisers should be embedded with interior forces as they have been with the much more professional defense forces. We will have to confront the Shiite militias, although with some delicacy since they have their patrons and supporters within the government. It would help if Moqtada al-Sadr were killed at the hands of mysterious assassins. And any fight for the future of Iraq that has a chance of success will have to include efforts to check the Iranian training, funding, and supply of the radical militias. The U.S. has said it won't tolerate this Iranian bid to influence control of Iraq, but has never roused itself to do anything beyond rhetorical posturing.

We don't pretend that there are easy answers in Iraq, or think that all its problems are the product of Bush-administration mistakes. It might be that the situation is simply not salvageable because Iraq's leaders aren't up to the daunting challenge facing them. But we have an obligation to try to save the country as long as there is a reasonable chance of doing so. It is time for the Bush administration to acknowledge that its approach of assuring people that progress is being made and operating on that optimistic basis in Iraq isn't working. It would be much better if it were frankly in crisis mode, as it attempts to save our project in Iraq and tamp down the country's budding civil war.

CUBA

Après Fidel

WHEN Fidel Castro temporarily ceded power to his brother Raúl before undergoing intestinal surgery, the Cuban exiles of Miami took to the streets and cheered. And why not? They have felt the weight of Castro's oppression. His precise medical condition isn't known, but the thought of his shuffling off this mortal coil—be it next week or some years hence—makes us smile too.

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At the same time, the U.S. should acknowledge the reality that Castro's regime will probably survive him. Nothing suggests that Raúl Castro, Fidel's younger brother and designated successor, would be a kinder, gentler dictator. He is reportedly more ideological than Fidel, having belonged to a Communist youth group well before the elder Castro publicly declared himself a socialist. He is responsible for hundreds of extra-judicial assassinations. And while he has expressed some admiration for the current Chinese system, he has shown no desire to retreat from Cuba's Stalinist politics, or even to allow economic reforms as extensive as Deng Xiaoping's. Though Raúl is 75 years old, the upper ranks of the Communist leadership are filled with his loyalists, making it likely that his poisonous ideology will live many years longer than he.

Given all this, Fidel's death would not justify a major change in our country's Cuba policy. Indeed, this policy cannot change without congressional authorization, as the 1996 Helms-Burton Act prohibits normalizing relations with any Cuban government that includes Fidel or Raúl. That isn't to say the U.S. couldn't do more to promote freedom in Cuba. President Bush's Commission for Assistance to a Free Cuba has released a lengthy report detailing how we could simultaneously undermine the Castro dynasty and empower the democratic elements of Cuban society.

The U.S. should acknowledge the reality that Castro's regime will probably survive him. Nothing suggests that Raúl Castro, Fidel's younger brother and designated successor, would be a kinder, gentler dictator.

To weaken the regime, the commission recommends, among other things, strengthened enforcement of travel restrictions on Americans who wish to visit Cuba. Foreign visitors are now the top source of income for the regime, which siphons off some 20 percent of annual tourism revenues. One hears the claim that tourists have a liberalizing effect, but we have yet to see it. That's hardly surprising, given that most tourists are required to use hotels, restaurants, beaches, and medical clinics different from those available to ordinary Cubans, with whom they have almost no contact. What we *have* seen is the regime's recovery from the financial ruin that confronted it after its font of Soviet aid ran dry. Beyond enforcing travel restrictions, the U.S. should exercise greater control over remittances from Cuban expatriates, which have become the second-biggest source of hard currency to Castro's government. And all such efforts should be coupled with intensified public diplomacy to expose Cuba's human-rights abuses.

As for spreading freedom, the U.S. should start by increasing funding for Radio and TV Martí, a Miami-based Spanish-language network that President Reagan created in 1983. In addition, we should do more to channel aid to Cuba's civil society through NGOs. Youth groups in Central and Eastern Europe have expressed their willingness to help Cuba's youths organize themselves and agitate for political reform. And Cuba's dissident journalists need supplies to spread their messages: fax machines and computers, short-wave radios and satellite dishes, books, and so on.

The unfortunate fact is that the Castros have skillfully dodged what seemed an inevitable demise after the fall of Soviet Communism. Worse, they have seen the spread of left-wing authoritarianism throughout Latin America: Evo Morales fulminates in Bolivia, Daniel Ortega is resurgent in Nicaragua, and Hugo Chávez possesses dictatorial powers in Venezuela. If the United States wishes to forfend the rise of a Latin American axis, its goal must be a new regime in Havana.

IMMIGRATION

A Compromised Plan

Rep. Mike Pence of Indiana and Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison of Texas, both Republicans, are making a last-ditch effort to bridge their party's divide on immigration and pass a bill this year. We agree that the country, and the Republican party, would benefit if a sensible immigration plan were passed soon. The Pence-Hutchison plan isn't one.

The pro-amnesty Republicans have responded more favorably to the plan than the enforcement-first Republicans, and both sides are reading the plan correctly. Its central component is to allow illegal immigrants to continue their jobs legally. All they would have to do is briefly leave the country and then return. As Pence himself puts it: "An illegal alien currently employed in America will be willing to take a quick trip across the border to come back outside of the shadows and in a job where he does not fear a raid by Immigration and Customs Enforcement." This provision may stimulate the restaurant business in Tijuana, as illegals cross over for a quick lunch before their return, but it is hardly a serious immigration-enforcement idea.

When our illegal immigrant comes back, he will become a "guest worker." As a guest worker, he will be able to keep renewing his "temporary" status and exploiting other features of the plan so as to remain here for 17 years. At that point, he can go through the process of getting a green card. Any children he has while here will be American citizens, which will make it more difficult to deport him should he overstay his welcome.

The plan's supporters advertise its "trigger" mechanism: The guest-worker program/amnesty would supposedly not go into effect until after enforcement was shown to have worked. But the triggers would be the achievement of bureaucratic objectives such as personnel targets. The amnesty would go into effect even if there were no evidence that the illegal population was shrinking.

We aren't persuaded that the country needs a guest-worker program to begin with. Economic growth does not require a constant increase in the number of uneducated laborers.

The worthwhile portions of the plan are borrowed from the House Republicans' enforcement bill. Almost everyone can agree that we should step up enforcement, at both the border and the workplace. So let's enact that consensus and defer action on the issues that continue to divide us. That's the compromise we favor.

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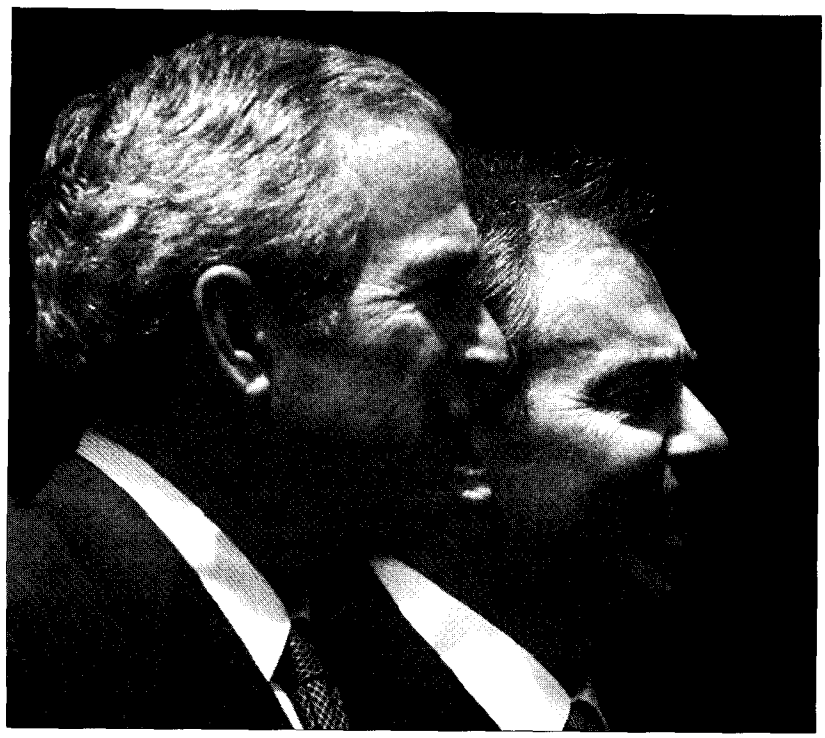

■ COVER STORY ■

The Biggest Threat We Face

The West vs. radical Islam

PAUL JOHNSON

INTERNATIONAL terrorism, in its Muslim-extremist variety, is a world phenomenon. In my view it will eventually blow itself out, probably by the collapse of the Muslim world into secularism. But in the meantime it constitutes the biggest threat that Western civilization faces.

There are various ways of dealing with this threat, all of which are being explored. But the vital way is to localize it, or rather to direct it into areas where it can do least harm to the West. Partly by accident, partly by design, this strategy has been pursued by the U.S., Britain, and their few dependable allies.

The 9/11 attacks, followed closely by the terrorist operations in Madrid and London, were an attempt by Muslim extremists to break out of their traditional localized theater of operations and carry their war into the heartlands of their enemies. One of these operations succeeded. The Madrid attack showed how terror can work politically on a national scale. For the bombing panicked a sufficient proportion of the Spanish people to oust a conservative government which was committed to supporting America's operations, and replace it with a quasi-pacifist left-wing one which is willing to appease the terrorists.

The operations against the American and British heartlands failed, however. Not only did both nations place themselves on armed alert at home, in a way that has made it difficult to repeat 9/11-style attacks, but both also determined to carry the counteroffensive into the terrorists' heartlands by toppling regimes which supported them, the Taliban in Afghanistan and Saddam Hussein in Iraq. The Allied occupation of these two Muslim countries, and the accompanying attempt to install democratic institutions there, has been criticized in the Western media, and by the appeasers of the European Union, as unsuccessful, inconclusive, wasteful, clumsy, and costly in life. Some of these criticisms are justified in part. But what is left out is the success in transferring the theater of conflict from the West to the Middle East.

Essentially, the fighting is now taking place in the Arab and Muslim worlds. It is being conducted on our side by American and British professional armed forces, using all their advantages in military technology. Of course there have been casualties, and no doubt there will be more. But they are very few in comparison with wars of comparable political importance, and we are learning how to minimize them.

The important result is that the civilian populations of big Western cities are no longer on the front line. It has shifted to the Middle East. Any destruction is taking place in Muslim territories. The overwhelming majority of lives lost are Muslim. Fanatics all over the Muslim world who wish to become active terrorists—or "fighters," as they call themselves—instead of infiltrating Western cities and forming cells there, have concentrated in Iraq, where they have been killed by Allied firepower in huge numbers. They have been putting themselves where we want them to be: in direct opposition to professional armies.

Inevitably, this re-concentration of Muslim extremism in the Arab Middle East has reignited the Israeli–Arab conflict, or rather opened a new and more intense phase. That in itself demonstrates the global nature of the terrorist threat and the importance of Israel as the front line and lightning rod of the West. George W. Bush is quite right to regard Israel's security as part of the West's security, to regard

ROGER L. WOLLENBERG

Mr. Johnson is the author of many books, the most recent of which is *Creators: From Chaucer and Dürer to Picasso and Disney*.

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Myths About the Israeli-Arab Conflict (I)

Is "occupation" the cause of this conflict?

In the decades in which the Israeli-Arab conflict has raged, certain myths have been repeated so often and so insistently by Arab propaganda that most of the world has come to believe them. Today, we briefly examine one of those myths.

What are the facts?

The myth of "occupation" being the cause of conflict. The very concept of "occupation," as applied to Gaza and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), is a myth. When the Egyptians were in possession of Gaza for almost twenty years nobody accused them of being occupiers. The Jordanians, who were in possession of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and much of Jerusalem for the same length of time, were not considered occupiers by the nations of the world and by the inhabitants of the area. The Israelis were considered "occupiers" when, after a war of extermination against them, they prevailed and came into possession of these territories. The oldest rule of warfare is that to the victor belong the spoils. Do people expect France to return Alsace-Lorraine to Germany? Do they expect the Czech Republic or Poland to return the German territories awarded to them after Germany's defeat in World War II? Of course not! Those countries evicted most of the original inhabitants or caused them to flee. Israel, in contrast, has never evicted a single Arab from these territories. On the contrary, lured by the prosperity the Israelis have created, tens of thousands of Arabs from adjacent Syria and Jordan have come to live there.

> "Those who advocate the ending of the "occupation" do so either out of ignorance or because they have a death wish for Israel."

Israel's "occupation" of those territories is a myth. But even so, the hope that Israel's abandonment of any territory – the same old "land-for-peace" formula – would bring about peace is an illusion and a fallacy. In order to establish peaceful relations with its northern neighbor Lebanon, Israel abandoned the security zone of southern Lebanon. But instead of acknowledgment and gratitude, the result has been never-ending attacks with Katyusha rockets, led by Hizbullah, the "army of God," which is supported and egged on by Iran and by Syria. It makes life on Israel's northern frontier almost unbearable. Israel, unilaterally and in order to appease the Palestinians, the United States and world opinion, vacated Gaza and evicted thousands of Israeli families and abandoned their homes, institutions, extensive agricultural installations, and valuable infrastructure. Not a single Israeli citizen, not a single Israeli soldier, remains in Gaza. But, in the few months since it has abandoned that territory, Israel has been provoked to bloody warfare and has been subjected to daily attacks by Qassam rockets. It is only a matter of time until one of those devices will crash into a school or into a hospital causing untold casualties and destroying vital infrastructure.

Destruction and almost civil war. Instead of using their newly won "liberty from occupation," the Gazans have engaged in what is practically a bloody civil war and have destroyed most of their meager infrastructure. They have demolished and vandalized the valuable and extensive greenhouse installations that the Israelis had created, which could have been the basis for a prosperous agricultural economy and of substantial export income. But they focus their efforts and their energy on digging tunnels under the wall that separates them from Israel, in order to attack Israeli military, killing and kidnapping their soldiers, and thus bringing added misery upon themselves. Having the disastrous examples of the withdrawal from the southern Lebanon security zone and now from Gaza, it is easy to imagine what would happen if Israel would not have learned from experience and – under pressure from the U.S. and world opinion – would commit the folly of abandoning Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). While Gaza is isolated, surrounded by Israel and the sea, the "West Bank" is connected to Syria and Jordan. Within days of Israel's abandonment of that territory, Syrian tanks, Syrian aircraft, Syrian artillery, and Syrian and perhaps even Iranian troops would be stationed on the ridges of the Judean hills that dominate Israel's heartland. That heartland is only nine miles wide at its narrow waist. Israel's population centers, Israel's military installations, Israel's industrial capacity, Israel's utilities, and Israel's international airport would be in the gunsights of the Arabs, sworn to the destruction of Israel. The attack against Israel, the hoped-for final assault against the hated Jews, would begin within days or weeks and might well be successful.

The Palestinians, along with most other Arabs and Moslems, are single-mindedly focused on the destruction of Israel, to "wipe it off the map." If Israel were pressured into ending the "occupation" of the territories, it would not bring peace. On the contrary, it would bring about bloody warfare, just as in Gaza and Lebanon, and could well be the the end of Israel. Those who advocate the ending of the "occupation" do so either out of ignorance or because they have a death wish for Israel.

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Israel's efforts to uphold that security by air strikes and cross-border army deployment with sympathy, and to supply any weapons which are needed to make them more effective. The more terrorist manpower, weapons, money, and emotional resources go into Hezbollah and similar organizations, where they have to emerge on the surface and are exposed to Israel's overwhelming firepower, the less will be available for covert, underground operations against the West, in the West, and with massive casualties among Western civilians. Hence Israel's security operations in Gaza, and still more in Lebanon, reinforce the consequences of the Allied occupation of Afghanistan and Iraq—that is, they help to confine the main terrorist threat to the Middle East, and to pit the terrorists themselves against professional soldiers, Israeli, American, or British.

If we look at the campaign overall in terms of cost-effectiveness, we see that it is far preferable to do things this way. It is better, easier, less costly in enemy and Western lives, to fight the battle on grounds of our choosing, in an offensive spirit using our superior weaponry, than to fight a defensive war back home.

It is better, easier, less costly in enemy and Western lives, to fight the battle on grounds of our choosing.

The other new development, as a result of the U.S.-British transfer of the struggle to the Middle East and the eclipse of Saddam Hussein, has been the emergence of the fanatical Iranian regime as the main refuge, training ground, arms supplier, and financer of Muslim terrorism. Attempts have been made, and are being made, to overturn the regime from within. But they are unlikely to succeed, and sooner or later—probably sooner—the Iran menace will have to be confronted directly.

Oddly enough, Iran's blatant pursuit of nuclear weapons makes the problem easier to deal with, both morally and physically. So long as Iran's backing of international terrorism is confined to supplying terrorists with conventional weapons—even such formidable ones as the medium-range missiles given to Hezbollah for use against Israeli cities and civilians—toppling its regime poses formidable political, diplomatic, and military difficulties. Iran is a huge country of many different regions, all savagely inhospitable (I have been all over it), as Alexander the Great discovered over two millennia ago. Occupying it effectively would be almost impossible.

On the other hand, crippling it from the air in such a way as to prevent the regime from doing much harm to the West is possible, provided we are prepared to notch up the firepower a few points. The question is: How far?

If Iran succeeds in producing a few nuclear weapons, there is absolutely no doubt that it will use them immediately, both in delivering them by aircraft, rocket, or other means in Israel, and by giving them to terrorist organizations to use, in whatever way possible, against Western cities. We have to assume, therefore, that catastrophe can be averted only by preventing Iran's acquiring nuclear capability. This means preventive strikes, and the only real question is: With what weapons can we ensure that these strikes are effective and end the Iranian nuclear threat once and for all?

There is no doubt that, faced by the imminent threat of a nuclear attack made possible by the Iranian regime, Israel would use her own nuclear arsenal in a preemptive strike. That is what it is for, as a last resort against the total annihilation of the Israeli people, to which of course the leaders of the Iranian regime are committed. In such circumstances, Israel would have our support, and if necessary the active cooperation of Anglo-American armed forces.

But would it not be more effective, and honest, for America and Britain to join, at the outset, any effort to emasculate Iran and prevent its regime from inaugurating nuclear war? And in this preemptive war, should we not be prepared to use nuclear weapons ourselves, to make the destruction of the Iranian nuclear threat absolutely complete and instantaneous?

These are formidable and frightening questions. But they are at the back of the minds of those who think seriously about the state of the globe, and it is better that they be brought into the open and discussed calmly and realistically. **NR**

■ **COVER STORY II**

Before They Go Nuclear . . .

Iran and the question of preemption

MARIO LOYOLA

Conspicuously absent from the West's diplomatic strategy in the Iran nuclear crisis is any mention of preemption. Avoiding this now-vulgar term may help alleviate the administration's image problem, but the U.S. is starting to give the impression that it has given up on a vital element of its national defense. Iran has taken this as an invitation to speed up its nuclear program.

The Security Council debate before the Iraq War and the subsequent debate over pre-war intelligence are the key to understanding what has gone wrong. After David Kay famously reported in January 2004 that "we were almost all wrong" about WMD in Iraq, columnist George F. Will proclaimed the end of preemption: "The doctrine of preemptive war . . . presupposes a certain [amount of] certainty about what you're preempting."

This is incorrect. What argues for early preemption is the risk that self-defense may come too late if it waits too long. For preemption, the triggering threat is an unacceptable level of uncertainty. The reason we were considering preemption against Iraq was not that our intelligence misled us, but rather that Saddam Hussein never allowed for verification of Iraq's disarmament. Given the potential danger, what we needed was transparency.

But Security Council Resolution 1441, which sent the inspectors back into Iraq, never mentioned transparency or verification. Rather than placing the burden of proof squarely on Saddam, the resolution linked "serious consequences" to "further

Mr. Loyola is a former consultant for communications and policy planning at the Department of Defense.

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material breach," an issue on which the U.S. would naturally have to bear the burden of proof. So Secretary Colin Powell found himself back in the Security Council a few months later, presenting inferential intelligence assessments in support of specific claims about WMD, claims on which our case for war now suddenly depended. But this totally contradicted our strategic posture, which was that if we could not get clarity from Saddam, we would get it from Central Command: The burden of proof was on Saddam. Arguing about further material breach could only distract attention from what really mattered.

So long as the intelligence assessments could not confirm Iraq's disarmament, their particular conclusions were irrelevant. And the intelligence failure we have just wasted several years arguing about was just as irrelevant. Had the intelligence been perfectly truthful, the most it could have said was, "Mr. President, we don't know what's going on in Iraq. But it looks pretty bad." The decision facing the president would then have been exactly the same: Accept the unverified claims of a known liar, or remove the potential danger. And the potential danger was unacceptable—especially after 9/11 brought home just how dangerous the world had become.

By not first securing international acceptance of the general principles of the post-9/11 national-security strategy, we ended up arguing the case of Iraq on the basis of 20th-century norms that could not sustain the U.S. position. And when we went back to the Security Council in February 2003, we lost the case. All around the world, rogue states with lots of secrets to keep breathed a sigh of relief. The Security Council had refused to legitimize the enforcement of transparency through preemption—the only logical way to enforce it.

In an age of WMD, transparency is essential. The Europeans took the diplomatic lead on Iran's nuclear program because everything about it was so nebulous. Iran's "civilian" nuclear facilities are defended like strategic military targets, many of them buried thousands of feet underground, beyond the reach of bunker-busters. The program's justifications—energy insecurity and national scientific pride—were never very convincing; after the discovery of large, clandestine uranium-enrichment facilities, nobody at all believed them. The facilities themselves were arguably permitted under the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty, but building them secretly was not. There could be only one reason Iran would go to such lengths to keep an otherwise-legitimate program secret: It was trying to develop nuclear weapons, and it knew that the facilities would be military targets.

At no point have we made Iran fear the consequences of proceeding with its nuclear program.

Led at first by France, Britain, and Germany, the West has maintained unity in its confrontation with Iran. The diplomatic strategy is based on an ordered progression—from referral by the IAEA, to a non-binding letter from the Security Council president, to a sanction-less Chapter VII resolution, to a resolution imposing economic sanctions. This approach has so far proven remarkably successful not only in isolating Iran from the rest of the international community, but also in isolating any support the Iranians may enjoy in the Council.

Unfortunately, the strategy also eliminates what little deterrence there may be against Iran's nuclear-weapons development. Several months ago, when asked whether the U.S. or Israel would use preemption if diplomacy failed (the question on everybody's mind), British foreign secretary Jack Straw reacted as if the question had been about space aliens: The use of force was "inconceivable," he said. And nothing we have said publicly (except the increasingly useless "all options remain on the table") has contradicted that assertion.

So at the very least, the Security Council progression appears to erect a series of stable and predictable hurdles between us and the legitimate use of force. Therefore, Iran can predict that an attack will not be triggered by the next several steps it takes in developing the WMD. The effect is naturally to make a negotiated settlement in the near term highly unattractive from Iran's point of view. As Kissinger taught, people who think they have time on their hands don't negotiate. Iran's bargaining position can only become stronger the further it proceeds.

And the further it proceeds, the more assertive and aggressive it becomes. Iranian special-operations forces are increasingly active in fomenting sectarian violence and attacks on coalition forces in Iraq. And Hezbollah's attack on Israel was widely understood as a shot across the bow in Iran's nuclear standoff with the West.

At least instinctively, the administration recognizes the danger of dallying in the Security Council. It stayed on the sidelines until Iran was referred to the Council, but once the matter landed on U.N. ambassador John Bolton's desk, things in the Council have moved fast. At the end of July, the Council issued a draft resolution under Chapter VII demanding that Iran halt enrichment activities by the end of August, or face possible sanctions. The plan, then, is to impose sanctions in early September. But the sanctions will almost certainly be limited—and not aimed at oil. Their only lasting effect may be to push Iran out of the nonproliferation treaty altogether.

At that point, the U.S. will be able to claim that it gave diplomacy a chance. But absent an explicit threat to destroy Iran's nuclear facilities, diplomacy never *had* a chance. At no point have we made Iran fear the consequences of proceeding. And we appear to have gotten this far in the Security Council only because of a tacit agreement that we would not resort to force without Council permission. The Chinese and Russians have made it clear that this is their understanding. Thus, once diplomacy fails, we are likely to have to invoke preemption in the teeth of even greater international opposition than if we had never gone to the Security Council in the first place.

This brings us to the most serious flaw in the current diplomatic strategy. Every time we take a major threat to the Security Council, we reinforce the perception that to use force preemptively, we need the Security Council's permission. But the Council cannot perform any such role, and it was never meant to. It was conceived only as the political committee of a standing military alliance, an alliance that did not survive the end of World War II long enough to sign the U.N. Charter as gen-

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uine allies. The reason the five permanent members of the Council are not allies is that their strategic interests are not in general alignment; it is therefore unrealistic to expect that they would reach agreement to authorize preemption against a threat to the peace.

In the current crisis, the Security Council has done nothing to prevent or remove the threat posed by Iran's nuclear program. Iran is now moving fast to produce as much lightly enriched uranium as it can. According to Valerie Lincy of the Wisconsin Project on Nuclear Arms Control, once Iran has a large-enough batch, it will be a short step to convert it to weapons grade. If Iran then expels the IAEA inspectors, no one knows how long it would take for them to produce enough for a nuclear device. We will from that point forward be living with an intolerable uncertainty. Under these circumstances, the U.S. should make clear that it will consider any further Iranian violation of the nonproliferation treaty an act of armed aggression within Article 51 of the U.N. Charter.

If we really want to give diplomacy a chance in Iran, we must put preemption front and center. The Bush administration would do well to begin leaking feasibility plans for wide-ranging strikes against Iran's nuclear infrastructure. We should establish bright red lines, and stick to them.

The U.S. has no real problem with the prospect of a democratic, peaceful, and law-abiding Iran developing nuclear technology, because such an Iran would be able to give the West all the reassurance it needs. But this dictatorship does not represent the people of Iran and cannot be counted upon to act in their interest. Letting the mullahs have nukes will force the people of Iran, and the rest of the world, to live in a situation of terrifying uncertainty. It is reasonable to insist that if the Iranians want advanced nuclear technology, they need to get an advanced government first.

As things stand, we are in effect offering the mullahs in Tehran both nuclear weapons and regional hegemony. Before they cash in on the offer, we should take it off the table and offer them preemption instead. Let's see what flowers of peace Ahmadinejad can pluck from a nettle when he sets his mind to it. **NR**

■ **PERSONALITIES**

Europe's Loss, America's Gain

The story of Ayaan Hirsi Ali

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THOSE who know the Muslim world have long maintained that the necessary reforms will occur only when women are no longer willing to put up with the injustices that its culture and customs do to them. Comes the hour, comes the woman. Her name is Ayaan Hirsi Ali, and she was born in Somalia in 1969. In person she is graceful and soft-spoken, determined but not combative. In the language spoken in Somalia, Ayaan means "lucky," and her adventures and pitfalls have elements of a fairy tale in which our heroine has the courage and the intellect to take her life into her own hands and set an example for others to follow. For one thing, she is challenging Muslims to find a modern definition of themselves; and for another, she recently brought down the Dutch government.

Somalia is an almost exclusively Sunni Muslim country, though divided into clans and sub-clans constantly at war with one another over "land, women, horses, and water," as she puts it. In her childhood, the country was in the grip of Mohamed Siad Barre, a typical Third World dictator ruling with the secret police, a self-proclaimed Communist and therefore supported by the Soviet Union. Throughout her childhood, her father was away from home, in exile conspiring with

Mr. Pryce-Jones, an NR senior editor, is the author, most recently, of *Betrayal: France, the Jews, and the Arabs*, forthcoming from Encounter.

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his clan to overthrow Barre. Thanks to this politicking, the family had to move, first to Saudi Arabia, where Ayaan could tell which direction the veiled women were facing only by the pointing of their shoes; then to Ethiopia, and finally to Nairobi in Kenya, where she learned English.

For a good Muslim girl like Ayaan, everything had to follow a preordained course. At the age of five or six, she was strapped down by her grandmother and mother in order for a passing tinsmith or tinker, a male, to circumcise her—in plain words, to mutilate her genitals. This traumatic assault was supposed to make her "pure," but it is only customary, without Islamic sanction. Staying "pure," women are perceived as the bearers of the family honor, and husbands have to be chosen for them by their father because they cannot be trusted on their own and might bring disgrace and shame.

At the age of 17, Ayaan was a firm believer in the Muslim Brotherhood, the movement from which political Islam derives. It was, she explains, as if she had a shutter in her mind. Nevertheless Islam's obsession with codifying sexual conduct was the original spark of her rebellion. Furtively Ayaan agreed to marry a boyfriend, but she spent only a single night with him before he left to study in Moscow, and they never met again. When the news reached her family, the whole episode was treated as though it had never taken place. Such is the hypocrisy that custom enforces. Soon afterward, Ayaan's father announced with finality that he had found a husband for her, someone from their own clan, who was now making his life in Canada. On her reluctant way to Canada and her wedding, Ayaan stopped over in Germany. Picking up rumors that Holland was a liberal paradise, out of an impulse of self-preservation she fled there.

All that was required in Holland to obtain asylum, almost unimaginable benefits and subsidies, and finally citizenship, was a little lying—white lies about personal status and motivation. "We refugees invariably tell such lies," Ayaan says, and in print and speech she has often described how she handled this one-way procedure with the authorities. Clan elders from Somalia then tracked her down and held a meeting resembling a trial. If she did not go to Canada and marry the man her father had chosen, she would bring shame on the family and the clan. "The will of the soul," as she told them in a beautiful phrase, prevented her from going through with an arranged marriage. The die was cast. She was in the West now, and on her own.

Inch by inch, she raised the shutter that her upbringing had fixed in her mind. Working as a translator and interpreter, she had insights into the tragic destinies of Muslims driven from their own countries but not integrated in the West. At Leiden University, she studied political science, reading Spinoza and Bertrand Russell. A prestigious think tank advertised for a researcher, and she obtained the job; her talents were recognized; and the VVD, the liberal party—which Americans and others would call a conservative party—put her on its electoral list. As though by the wave of a wand, she found herself a member of parliament.

How was it possible, she had asked herself, that Holland enjoys peace and security and wealth, while Africa does not? "A man's honor rests between the legs of his daughters and sisters. This is culture?" she further asked with scorn. Increasingly, Islam came to seem stultified, imposing codes of conduct that encourage ignorance and violence. Declaring herself a free thinker, she became one of the most controversial figures in the country. *The Caged Virgin*, a collection of her essays, has a dedication Voltaire would approve: "To the spirit of liberty. " Apostasy from Islam is forbidden on pain of death, as Salman Rushdie and others have learned. Holland has a million or so Muslims, and Islamist extremists there and abroad have ceaselessly threatened to kill Ayaan. For some time now, she has been obliged to live in protected housing, and bodyguards always accompany her.

DARREN GYGI

Ayaan Hirsi Ali

In 2004, she made a short film, entitled *Submission*, with Theo van Gogh, great-great-nephew of the artist, as producer. The film's subject is the brutal treatment of women in Islam; and its emotional charge derives from her own experiences. Passages from the Koran were projected onto the body of an abused and semi-naked woman. Islamists were quick to incite a scandal, and this precipitated one of the more dreadful of the many recent jihadist horrors. Openly on a street in Amsterdam, a young man of Moroccan origins butchered van Gogh, who had time only to carry the liberal Dutch mode to tragic absurdity by pleading, "Can't we talk about this?" Brought to trial, and condemned to life imprisonment, the murderer said that he would kill all over again if he had the chance. Ayaan was obviously next on the jihadists' list.

At which point, Rita Verdonk, minister for integration and immigration, and a VVD-er as well, rehearsed what was an open secret when she accused Ayaan of telling lies to the immigration authorities, and revoked her citizenship, parliamentary immunity notwithstanding. After the van Gogh murder, Ms. Verdonk had arranged the deportation of thousands of illegal immigrants. An ambitious politician, perhaps she believed that she was displaying bureaucratic zeal and impartiality, but her action against Ayaan suggested punishment for upsetting relations between the Dutch and the Muslims in their midst. The scandal immediately changed direction. Ms. Verdonk was depriving the country of an internationally recognized champion of integration and covering it with ridicule. The governing coalition fell apart, and later in the year there will be elections. The Dutch government, like the Spanish government before it, was brought down essen-

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tially by the consequences of Islamist terror, and Ayaan is in the eye of the storm.

On a visit to London, she retains her bodyguards, but seems as calm and collected as ever. Her father lives in the city, but refuses all contact with her. In spite of attending an American college in his younger days, he is apparently shackled to Islamic and tribal codes. Her mother, lonely and embittered, lives in the desert region of northern Somalia, and Ayaan says, "Hers is the saddest of sad lives." For Ayaan, a return to Somalia would be tantamount to suicide. Al-Ittihad, an Islamist movement akin to al-Qaeda or the Taliban, is taking power at gunpoint, and she foresees nothing but violence and war. "The country is torn apart." Somalian piracy in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean is a growing menace to international shipping. The only way to prevent and cure these Third World self-inflicted injuries, Ayaan says, is Western intervention. She further says that the colonial powers left before people were ready to rule themselves, in Somalia as in Iraq and elsewhere. To be able to reach such a conclusion proves that hers is a mind without even the most residual of shutters.

She is now leaving for Washington, to take up an invitation to work at the American Enterprise Institute, the conservative think tank. But did she change things in Holland? "Oh yes. I took away the illusion that only white people are capable of racism." Beyond that, she exposed the extreme weakness of what others have called the continent's "civilizational awareness." Will Muslim men ever consent to treat women as equals? "That will take a long time and much bloodshed. There is good and evil in human beings, and Islam gives justification to cultivate evil."

Ayaan's extraordinary career proves that those born into Islam are able not just to contribute to the modern world but to illuminate it. Moral purpose and intellectual curiosity like hers offer a way out of the ever-growing crisis of Muslim alienation and separation. While in Washington, Ayaan will no doubt be productive. She proposes to write a book in which the Prophet Muhammad engages in Socratic dialogues with John Stuart Mill, Karl Popper, and Friedrich Hayek. The story is familiar: Europe's loss is America's gain. **NR**

■ **POLITICS**

Swann Rising

A big-time talent runs for governor

JAY NORDLINGER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

LYNN SWANN is in motion, pushing a gray-haired lady in a wheelchair to her poker game. When she gets there, she asks the young man his name. He says, "I'm Lynn Swann." She says, "No, you're not, you're sh**tin' me." I'm given to understand that this is the way grannies talk in western Pennsylvania.

We're in Castle Shannon, a community outside Pittsburgh, at a summer festival. Swann is running for governor, on the Republican ticket. Very few people have to ask his name. He shows up—anywhere in the state, by all accounts—and they come running to him. Swann is a football hero, particularly in this area. He played for the Pittsburgh Steelers from 1974 to 1983, helping to win four Super Bowls, winding up in the Hall of Fame. (Swann was a wide receiver.) He still looks like he could suit up, too, fit as he is.

About a half-hour later, we're at another summer festival, in South Park (not to be confused with the South Park of television notoriety). A polka band plays on the stage. And the candidate is being showered with "Lynn love," as his staff calls it. People receive him ecstatically, their faces all alight. Men want to jaw with him, women want to hug him. After meeting Swann, a man looks at me wonderingly and says, "I shook his hand." Almost everyone wants a picture and an autograph. Swann will pose for any picture—and answer any question, at length—but he won't sign an autograph. He'd never make it out of any campaign event, he explains. It would be nonstop signing.

When he enters the bingo tent, the players cheer and squeal, like bobbysoxers at Sinatra. He is privileged to call out the next number. "S-88," he says, to a roar of laughter. (Eighty-eight was his Steelers number, and S, of course, is his initial.) He then says he can't read the real number without his glasses—"like a lot of you," he adds, to more appreciative laughter. Swann is a bit of a teaser, but of a gentle, charming type.

Many athletes have run for office. These include Bill Bradley (basketball), Jim Bunning (baseball), Steve Largent (football), and Jim Ryun (the miler)—and I have named only political winners. Athletic celebrity aside, Swann is one of three black Republicans running in prominent races this year. The others are Michael Steele, the Senate candidate in Maryland, and Kenneth Blackwell, the gubernatorial candidate in Ohio.

Swann is a conservative, and a classic Reagan conservative. (So are Steele and Blackwell, incidentally.) He's against high taxation, big spending, and heavy regulation. He is pro-life, pro-enterprise, and pro-reform. He's pushing all sorts of reform, in welfare policy, tort law, and so on. In fact, his campaign bus is called "Reform One." Swann talks a lot about "standing on your own two feet," in part so you can help others, who have more difficulty standing. And he believes that political leaders should have the guts to say no.

Swann's opponent is the incumbent governor, Ed Rendell. Before being sent to Harrisburg, he was mayor of Philadelphia and chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Rendell is a canny politician, not ostentatiously left-wing. He knows how to employ a populist touch—more bowling and beer than windsurfing and "Why can't I have *my* water?"

The political pros say that Rendell will beat Swann, for a number of reasons. First, Pennsylvanians have never—never—ousted an incumbent governor, odd as that may seem. Second, the state has been trending Democratic, becoming ever "bluer." Third, the electoral ducks are in Philadelphia and environs, Rendell territory. Fourth, this is a lousy Republican year—for one thing, President Bush is unpopular.

Fifth, Swann is a novice, starry as he may be. And he's up against a tough, bruising veteran. But Swann scoffs at any suggestion of unreadiness, certainly when it comes to governing. He mentions several politicians whose maiden office was governor: Bush, Reagan, Mitt Romney, Arnold. (Somehow he neglects to men-

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tion Jesse Ventura.) Swann does not lack for confidence. But it's not a cocky confidence—more serene.

The morning after those festivals, in his Pittsburgh campaign office, we talk about his life and views. Swann was born in 1952, in Alcoa, Tenn. (home of the aluminum company). His father was a janitor. When Lynn was quite young, the family moved to San Mateo, Calif. They attended a Baptist church, where Lynn preached on Children's Day, at least once. He remains a devoted Baptist, and is joined in that faith by his wife, Charena. They have two sons, ten and eight.

Lynn was elected president of his eighth-grade class (and says now that he is running for a lower office). But he had little time for politics after that; he was too busy being a sports star. It's helpful to bear in mind that we are talking about someone who has been famous, pretty much, since he was in college. His favorite sport was basketball, and he was recruited by John Wooden, the legendary coach at UCLA. But he went to USC to play football.

As Swann tells it, he wasn't especially talented, in relation to others. But he worked very hard, and was very, very competitive. He also had what he describes as "gamesmanship": "I understood how to play the game—whatever game it was—and paid attention to the nuances. I learned how to position myself against an opponent. I just found a way to win." And does that ability transfer to politics? "We'll see," says Swann.

After his professional football career, he engaged in a package of activities. He was a broadcaster for ABC Sports. He toured the country as a speaker, and sat on several corporate boards. He hosted a game show for a while (*To Tell the Truth*). He was an important player in the Big Brothers/Big Sisters organization. From 2002 to 2005, he was chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. All the while, he has been making political contacts, preparing, in a way, for the new career.

Swann was "born" a Democrat, but became a Republican in the 1970s, thinking for himself, coming into his own. He was a friend of Pennsylvania senator John Heinz, who died in a plane crash in 1991. And what did he think of the senator's wife? "I've always liked Teresa," he says.

Asked whether he has any political models, he says no. (I've never heard a politician give that answer to this question, by the way.) He philosophizes a bit, touching on the "Freudian" and "Jungian" aspects of the human animal. He says that people can change how they think and how they live; they need not be trapped by their (temporary) circumstances. "We have choices, we have freedoms."

He also talks about suffering and its uses, citing Job in particular. I remark that, to the outsider, he himself seems not to have suffered much. He was a golden child, blessed with looks, smarts, charisma, and gobs of talent (no matter what he says). He has been a champ in virtually everything he has ever tried. You would think that he'd never broken a sweat. Not so?

"Not so," says Swann, smilingly. He then reflects on race and racism. He mentions four hugely successful black Americans: the CEO of American Express, the CEO of Time Warner, the secretary of state, and her immediate predecessor. None of them whooshed his way to the top. But Swann is adamant on the need to "get away from excuses and start executing a plan." He likes to say, "Never let anyone make you less than who you are, or what you can be." He also says, "Don't live in the gutter." And, "Your greatest obstacle is the person who looks at you in the mirror"—we all have choices.

ROMAN GENN

Lynn Swann

Obviously, Swann takes some heat from his fellow blacks, for his party affiliation and his beliefs. But he doesn't mind the heat, and says that many black Democrats are supporting him (some publicly, some quietly). And he doesn't need the vote of every citizen: "This is not a perfect world—51 percent would be just fine." I ask whether he ever faces open resentment from black men, in particular. He answers, simply and straightforwardly, "Yes." And how does he deal with that? Does he try to reach such people, or does he merely slough it off? "I go case by case," Swann says.

At this point in the campaign, he's behind Ed Rendell in fundraising, but President Bush is coming in soon, to make up some of the difference. This year, a lot of Republicans are running away from Bush, but Swann is upfront in his admiration. He says, "I think he's done a tremendous job," with challenges of an extraordinary nature. History will credit him, says Swann, if written fairly.

Swann won't contemplate life after a November loss, because he won't contemplate a loss. He's going all out, from early morning to late at night, executing his plan, making adjustments as necessary. The latest polls have him between 10 and 15 points down. His staff points out that Rendell has been spending his money, airing TV ads, which have been unanswered by Swann. The Republican's own ads won't go up until after Labor Day. And then it will be a whole new ballgame, they say.

Leaving Swann's headquarters, I jump into a cab, driven by a man in a Steelers jersey. I tell him I've just been with ol' No. 88, who looks like he could still play today. The driver—a rough-talking, left-leaning political analyst—says, "Well, he might as well start running pass routes, because he sure as hell won't be governor of *this* state." That is, indeed, the conventional wisdom. I myself am not so sure. We might want to check back in, round about the end of October. **NR**

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■ POLITICS II

The Unlikeliest Girlie Man

Arnold Schwarzenegger gives Californians what they want

CHRIS WEINKOPF

With four months left in his campaign for reelection, California governor Arnold Schwarzenegger found himself at odds with the state's Democratic legislature over the minimum wage—and who could raise it faster.

Although Schwarzenegger had vetoed minimum-wage hikes twice before, his thinking on the subject had evolved. Following the devastating defeat of his government-reform ballot initiatives in the 2005 special election, Schwarzenegger had adopted a make-no-enemies approach to politics. This time, there was no chance he was going to stand in the way of a popular policy, regardless of his professed free-market principles.

But the legislature was stalling, holding out for the minimum wage to be indexed to inflation, guaranteeing increases for years to come. Schwarzenegger didn't want to go that far, yet hoped to get the hike before November's election. So he turned to a dormant state panel that could boost the minimum wage without legislative approval. And to improve the odds of the panel's giving him the result he wanted, he stacked it with four appointees who supported his agenda—all Democrats.

Behold the new Arnold, a man bearing little resemblance to the revolutionary who toppled Gov. Gray Davis just three years ago. He's politically compliant, eager to please, and anxious to avoid a fight. One might say . . . a girlie man.

Schwarzenegger has, in the parlance of the Left, "grown." So has California's government. In June, the governor signed a $131 billion budget, up 8.4 percent from the year before. Schwarzenegger's spending plan is 30 percent larger than the one Davis approved in 2003, just before being ousted as a reckless spender.

"I don't think the governor is a small-government Republican," says Jon Coupal, president of California's largest taxpayer-advocacy group, the Howard Jarvis Taxpayers Foundation. Or, as GOP pollster Arnold Steinberg puts it, "He's become a chamber-of-commerce Republican." That is, "someone who confuses big business with free enterprise." Adds Steinberg, "He lost his populist roots a long time ago."

Still a Schwarzenegger supporter, Coupal is quick to point out that the governor hasn't raised taxes. But it's unclear how much of the credit belongs to Schwarzenegger and how much belongs to California's constitution, which requires a two-thirds legislative majority for tax hikes. The Republican minority holds just enough seats to block tax increases, as it did throughout the Davis era. Besides, with a thriving economy producing $8 billion in unanticipated revenues over the last fiscal year, there's more than enough cash on hand to sate even the biggest of Sacramento's big spenders.

There are also billions more in planned borrowing. Courtesy of Schwarzenegger, November's ballot will include $37 billion worth of bonds to rebuild crumbling infrastructure that Sacramento ignored for decades while tending to a perpetually growing bureaucracy and welfare state.

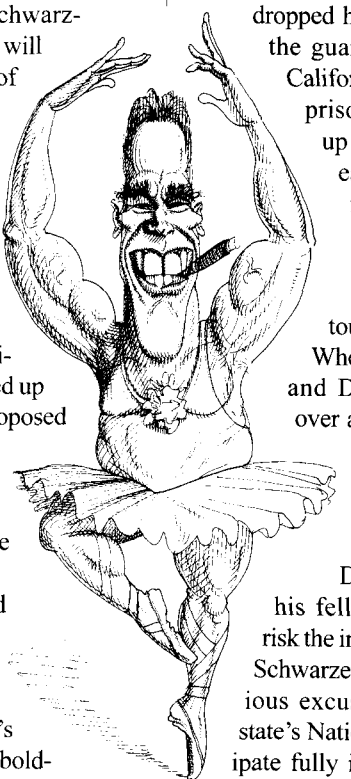
Schwarzenegger, who once spoke loftily about improving California's business climate, has also warmed up to regulation. In July, he proposed legislation that would require drug companies to provide discounts to families earning as much as three times the federal poverty rate—despite having vetoed similar legislation twice in the past.

What prompted Arnold's change of heart is last year's special-election debacle. Emboldened by his ability to intimidate Democrats during his first year in office, Schwarzenegger had launched a "year of reform" campaign to pass several ballot initiatives. But he took on too many vested interests at once—teachers, public-employee unions, every major spending lobby, as well the state legislature and its gerrymandered districting plan. Labor unions spent tens of millions on relentless, highly effective attack ads, and sent protesters to interrupt his every public event.

In short order, Schwarzenegger's once-stratospheric popularity ratings crashed, and his ballot measures failed. Worse, he lost the one trump card he could bring to negotiations with Democratic legislators—his threat to take matters directly to the voters. In the special election, Democrats discovered they no longer needed to fear Arnold's popularity.

But the lesson Schwarzenegger learned from the disaster wasn't "pick your battles"; it was "pick no battles." In true Hollywood fashion, he set out to reinvent himself. He apologized to the state for his over-exuberance, and hired a new chief of staff—Democrat and former Davis aide Susan Kennedy. Since then, he has made his peace with the education establishment, and his new budget includes every penny of funding that the teachers unions requested. Similarly, Schwarzenegger has dropped his onetime effort to break the guards union's vise grip on California's dreadfully managed prisons. Instead, he's cozied up to the union's leadership, earning a stinging rebuke from a court investigator looking into the system.

But it's not just unions that have the supposed tough guy cowering. When legislative Republicans and Democrats were divided over a $300 million program to provide health insurance to the children of illegal immigrants, Schwarzenegger sided with the Democrats. Better to offend his fellow Republicans than to risk the ire of Latino activist groups. Schwarzenegger has also given various excuses for not allowing the state's National Guard units to participate fully in President Bush's plans for patrolling the border. And in a July



ROMAN GENN

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interview with a Spanish-language newspaper, he said that, "looking back," he had made "the wrong decision" when he supported Proposition 187, the 1994 ballot initiative to deny various public services to illegal immigrants.

In many respects, this is a familiar story: The "moderate" governor who promises social liberalism and economic conservatism ends up delivering only the former. Think George Pataki or Christine Todd Whitman, or California's last Republican governor—and Schwarzenegger's mentor—Pete Wilson, who signed the biggest tax increase in state history.

But at times, Schwarzenegger's pick-no-fights philosophy can work in social conservatives' favor. Although Schwarzenegger supports legal abortion, gay rights, and much else of the cultural-Left agenda, he has—at least since the special election—opposed any legislative attempt to further enshrine that agenda as law. Here, too, Schwarzenegger takes refuge in technicalities. He opposes legislation to recognize same-sex marriage, but only because he thinks that voters in a statewide referendum—or, shudder, the courts—should make the decision. He threatened to veto a bill that would have legalized assisted suicide, but only because he said the matter should be decided at the ballot box. And he vowed to block legislation that would mandate "gay positive" textbooks in public schools (not that there's anything wrong with that, he says—he just doesn't want to interfere with local school boards).

No one should confuse these equivocations with deference toward voters or a commitment to devolution, however. When it suits him, Schwarzenegger jettisons those principles as quickly as any others. California cities, for example, can already raise the minimum wage on their own, but that's not stopping Schwarzenegger from seeking a statewide hike. His respect for local governments and voters is directly proportional to the level of controversy involved.

Nor should social conservatives think that Schwarzenegger has become sympathetic to their concerns. In 2004, California voters approved a $3 billion bond to fund embryonic-stem-cell research, and the measure has been tied up in court ever since. But after President Bush vetoed legislation to fund such research at the federal level, Schwarzenegger announced that he would float the state's stem-cell-research program a high-risk, $150 million loan so that it could begin work while sorting out its legal problems. So much for economic *or* social conservatism.

For Schwarzenegger, it was an easy call. For all the noise conservatives can make over gay marriage, their own divisions render them impotent on stem-cell research. And as long as the Left can inflict greater political damage on this issue than can the Right, Arnold will continue to trend left. When the new Arnold approaches a political fight, he sizes up both sides—then joins the one he thinks will win. The old Arnold thought himself big enough to take on the playground bully. The new Arnold wants to be the bully's best friend.

This hardly makes for inspired leadership, but as a reelection strategy it seems to be working. As pollster Steinberg observes, given the realities of running as a Republican in a bright blue state, "risk-aversion might be the most auspicious" tactic Schwarzenegger can employ. By appeasing the unions, he's kept them from spending heavily in behalf of his opponent, state treasurer Phil Angelides. Likewise, by not antagonizing social conservatives on the issues they hold dearest, he avoided any meaningful primary challenge.

Still, it's questionable whether the Republican faithful will turn out for Schwarzenegger in November. Democrats, however, have given him a hand in this area by choosing as their candidate the hard-Left Angelides, who promises to raise taxes and sign gay-marriage legislation. Confident that fear of Angelides will secure his base, Schwarzenegger has been able to tailor his campaign to moderates and independents. The polls give him a healthy eight-point lead.

Not bad for a Republican governor who, a year ago, was about as popular as the avian flu, in a state where registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans by 1.3 million. Sadly, Schwarzenegger's capitulations might just be what it takes for a Republican to win in California. Voters here have made it clear they don't like tough guys who bruise feelings or step on toes. What they want in a governor is a girlie man. And that is exactly what they're getting. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH**

The Menace In France

In which our correspondent talks goats

ANTHONY DANIELS

In these dark times, when war threatens to engulf a considerable portion of the globe, I hesitate to obtrude upon the public a merely personal problem; but the fact is that we in France—I mean my wife and I—have a border problem. Our neighbors' goats stray onto our land continually and cause us a great deal of irritation.

We live in a region where lotus-eaters and other marginal types gather. Our nearest town is full of aging hippies, the women in cheesecloth and the men with their increasingly scant and graying hair rather optimistically tied into a little bunch that they would like to be a pony-tail. This part of France used to be strongly Protestant, but now I suspect that Buddhism is one of the larger minority religions. Certainly, there seem to be a number of shops selling incense-scented candles, wind chimes, and other minor accoutrements of Eastern spirituality.

But let us, as the French say, return to our sheep—or, in this case, goats. They have eaten our irises, they have eaten our sole olive tree. They climb onto the roof that the insurance company made us put on our well, for fear of children falling down it, and they enter the house and eat our dog's food. I have to keep my library locked, because they would otherwise devour the books. (Not that the books have no other natural enemies: The termites, the ants, the wasps, the hornets, the mice, and the rats are all potential biblioclasts—was it not Marx who complained that one of his manuscripts had been abandoned to the gnawing criticism of the mice?) As the Nigerians say, with

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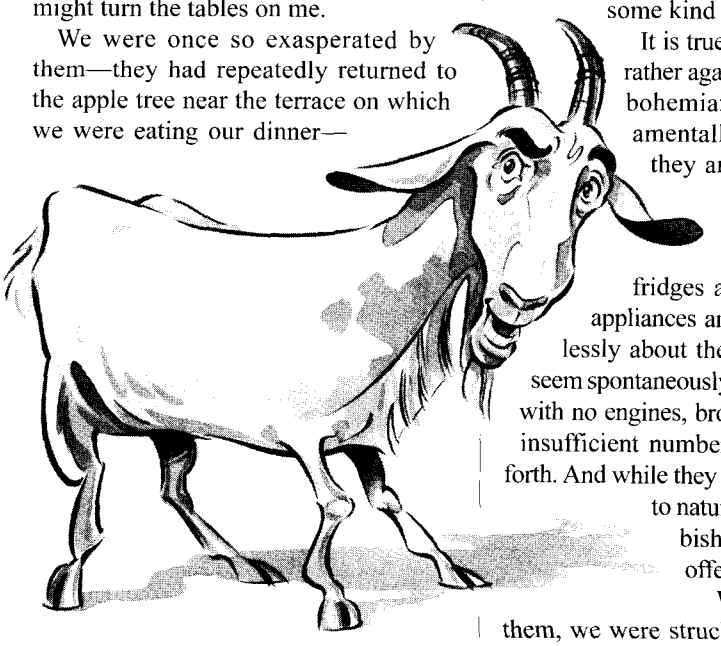
regard to the corruption of civil servants and government officials, you can't keep a goat from eating yams.

Either the goats are very stupid or they are very intelligent. When they arrive, which is often, in fact several times a day, we rush out and throw stones at them. We have also bought catapults, but our expertise with these weapons is such that we often project our missiles only a foot or two from our own feet. Unused to throwing stones, my wife once fell and grazed herself on the ground, while my shoulder, in which I already have some kind of arthritis or muscular injury, aches for some hours after my exertions. So far the goats have inflicted more injuries on us than we have on them.

I have been surprised by how quickly our quasi-moral outrage against the goats turns into the excitement of the chase and then into the cruel urge to inflict injury on them. I imagine felling one of them with a stone and then administering the coup de grâce, though I skate over in my mind the details of exactly how I will do this. Sometimes I do indeed manage to score a direct hit on the flank of a goat, which gives me a moment of satisfaction. The goat then retreats by a few yards, and continues to nibble at whatever vegetation then surrounds it, insolently retreating a little farther when I come within range of it again. So far, no number of direct hits has deterred the goats from returning. It has, however, occurred to me that one of them, who has horns, might turn the tables on me.

We were once so exasperated by them—they had repeatedly returned to the apple tree near the terrace on which we were eating our dinner—



that we decided to employ what in the circumstances was a high-tech weapon upon them, namely our car. My wife drove it at them while they were on the stone track that passes our house.

Either from lack of imagination, or because they knew that we were inhibited by moral scruples, the car did not frighten them. They moved on a few yards and then stopped and looked at the car with disdain.

Have they taken the measure of us, these goats? I don't want to overdo the parallels with the Middle East, but it seems to me that we have right, intelligence, and technology on our side, while the goats are stupid, and yet we appear to be losing the battle. The goats have sensed that there is a point in our struggle against them beyond which we will not go, and therefore, in the last resort, they have nothing much to fear.

The goats have sensed that there is a point in our struggle against them beyond which we will not go.

Of course, parallels do break down. Our neighbors, to whom the goats belong, can be compared neither to Hezbollah nor to their sponsors, the Syrian and Iranian governments, and we have successfully entered into negotiations with them. They are several hundred yards away, on the other side of a stream, where they have bought quite a number of acres in the hope of one day living off the land in some kind of autarky.

It is true that at first we took rather against them. For all our bohemianism, we are fundamentally bourgeois, while they are not. They are the kind of people who generate an infinite number of broken fridges and other household appliances and scatter them carelessly about themselves. They also seem spontaneously to generate vehicles with no engines, broken windshields, an insufficient number of wheels, and so forth. And while they are supposedly close to nature, garish plastic rubbish evidently does not offend their sensibilities.

When we first met them, we were struck by their dirtiness. She had a baby on her hip, and was breastfeeding him. Her husband had some of the worst teeth I have seen still implanted in human mandibles. They had come to invite us to a party they were having to commemorate the anniversary of the death of their first child, who had drowned aged two in the river into which our stream debouches. When we did visit them, they offered us a drink in receptacles so dirty that even I, who have traveled much in remote parts and have had to drink whatever there was even in the midst of cholera epidemics, felt my stomach heave.

And yet, oddly enough, we have come to esteem and like our neighbors. Apart from their goats, which they have now promised to control, they give us no trouble; they bring us fish from the stream and other little presents. Their oldest child is a sweet little boy who has a surprisingly good vocabulary and is clearly very intelligent. They are very polite.

The local council is bullying and obstructing them, in the hope that they will sell their land and go somewhere else. On their land is an old ruin, which they hope to reconstruct, as the law allows them to do, but the council is delaying its final permission. In the meantime, they wanted to live in a couple of old campers, but the council has forbidden them to do so, and they have to spend the night elsewhere. They want to enclose the land that they have laboriously cleared of forest, but even here the council has discovered unexpected powers of obstruction. The fate of our neighbors is clear: In the end, they will have to sell at a loss, probably to M. S., a hard-nosed local businessman who has already bought a lot of land round here and is setting up a large reserve for rich, though presumably not very skillful, hunters of deer and wild boar. Balzac knew what he was writing about.

We haven't seen the goats for a few days now; our neighbors are anxious not to make further enemies who might denounce them to the council. The parallels with Hezbollah are far from exact. **NR**

DARREN GYGI

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Challenge Upon Challenge

As our enemies get more capable, so must we

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

THERE is a new sort of war in the Middle East, brought on by the need to engage terrorists on their ground—and by the terrorists' savvy response, which often nullifies Western advantage.

Once the jihadists grasped that America and Israel were no longer content with punitive retaliation, largely by air, but would instead fight to achieve larger political aims by winning hearts and minds, the terrorists changed their tactics. So successful have they been that, after nearly four years in Iraq, the U.S. military cannot secure Baghdad. Saddam is gone, and our ground troops are backed by billions of dollars, the finest air force in civilization's history, sophisticated technology, and advice from seasoned counterinsurgency veterans. Yet the Sunni Triangle is still not safe for anyone.

The same dilemma frustrates even Israel, that veteran of counterterrorism. We are told that, after a month in Lebanon, the Israeli Defense Forces are no closer to destroying Hezbollah's Katyusha missiles than they were to eliminating the even more primitive Kassam rockets Hamas launched from Gaza—notwithstanding the Arab fear of taking on the IDF as in the conventional wars of 1967 and 1973. It almost seems that the less the United States and Israel worry about a Syrian armored corps or an Iranian air wing, the more loath they are to fight Iraqi insurgents or Hezbollah, because of the difficulty of cleaning up terrorist enclaves and the public-relations fiascos that follow in the global press.

Why, critics moan, can't prosperous Western societies, sobered by September 11 and possessing superb conventional militaries and sophisticated anti-terrorism forces, overwhelm this latest generation of ragtag jihadists—and convey the importance of victory to the world at large? After all, aren't the terrorists' arsenals limited to cobbled-together IEDs, outdated and underpowered missiles, suicide bombers, and rocket-propelled grenades?

The West's GPS- and laser-guided bombing was supposed to usher in a new age of warfare. Islamic terrorists even in faraway Afghanistan were no longer immune to missiles that could appear from nowhere and shatter their remote caves. And precision weapons allowed us to minimize civilian casualties and

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avoid the collateral damage of Vietnam-style bombing. But the ongoing fighting in Afghanistan, Iraq, Gaza, Lebanon—and even NATO's 1998 bombing campaign in Serbia—suggests otherwise. As the Americans have learned in Baghdad, and the Israelis in southern Lebanon, it is not easy to use commandos and specially trained anti-terrorist forces to quickly defeat insurgents who know that time is on their side and that any death—enemy or friend, civilian or combatant—advances their cause. It is much easier to create misery than to prevent it—especially when the general suffering of the people is blamed on the prosperous Western interloper and so aids the cause of the terrorist.

In short, for a variety of reasons, many of the advantages of postmodern warfare seem to lie with the insurgents and terrorists.

HELL ON THE CHEAP

First, it matters less than ever that the global arsenal of munitions is largely designed in the West. While all the world's militaries are parasitic on technologies and weapons expertise that originate in Europe and the United States, it is far easier to steal, buy, or be given weapons suitable for terrorists than to acquire those suitable for traditional armies. Tanks, jets, and missiles are expensive and hard to operate, and the Syrians and Iranians may not be able to field them in such a way as to establish operational equivalence with the Americans or Israelis. But they can buy off-the-shelf surface-to-air missiles, rocket-propelled grenades, mines, electronic gear, and machine guns. These are all cheap, require little expertise, and, in an urban landscape of hit-and-run attacks amid civilians, can provide a sort of parity against a Merkava tank or an Apache helicopter.

A second challenge is the widening gap between the quality of life in a successful West and that in a failed Middle East. Globalization has passed by most of the latter, which resists modernity and the bounty that accrues to open societies. Oil wealth epitomizes this dilemma and ensures the worst of both worlds: Petrodollars have a way of circulating to terrorists and paying for their weapons, but do not filter down to the Middle East street, and create social tensions rather than alleviate the general poverty that fuels Islamic fundamentalism.

Blaming the West for the Middle East miasma—which is actually induced by autocracy, statism, fundamentalism, and gender apartheid—lies at the heart of the jihadist creed; yet we often forget the military consequences of the wide gap between our wealth and theirs. Never have the criteria of victory and defeat been so radically redefined, with the mostly secular combatants on our side having so much to lose while the enemy dreams of an Islamic Paradise far more enticing than the slums of Sadr City or Jericho.

The more leisured and affluent an America at war becomes, the less willing it is to endure the deaths of its youths 7,000 miles away, in awful places like the Hindu Kush and the Sunni Triangle, in fighting deemed not immediately connected to the survival of the United States. The result is that the West self-defeatingly assumes it need not mobilize much of its enormous military strength to crush the impoverished enemies who in fact are growing more formidable than ever.

The West's revulsion at losing lives in such savage theaters is only magnified by the televised savagery of beheading and mutilation. Most Americans—already tired of high oil prices, the spiraling debt, the monotony of the fist-shaking Arab Street, and the lack of sympathy from our so-called Muslim friends from Jordan to Iraq—are returning to the 1990s mood of punitive isolationism ("more rubble, less trouble"). The result is that our 2,500 war deaths in Iraq have eroded public support for war much more quickly than did the much more numerous losses in Vietnam. The message conveyed by the terrorists to the West when dead American contractors are strung up and mutilated outside Fallujah or Israeli corpses are dismembered in Lebanon is something like, "Go back to your 21st-century suburbs and leave the 7th century to us."

Many of the advantages of postmodern warfare seem to lie with the insurgents and terrorists.

ACCORDING TO THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER . . .

Third, never has the West been more disparate and divided. In the present age, Hezbollah's best chance of reining in the IDF is not through a cascade of missiles, but rather through EU and U.N. pressure. The French foreign minister flew to Lebanon to praise Iran as a force for "stability in the region"—the very regime that has promised to wipe Israel off the map and given Hezbollah rockets to try to do just that.

Indeed, condemnation from a Kofi Annan or a Javier Solana may ultimately harm Israeli operations more than a dozen suicide bombers could. Europe's worries over reliable supplies of oil, its desire to recycle petrodollars through arms sales, its fear of Islamic terrorism, the ominous presence of unassimilated Muslim minorities in its midst, its envy of America the Hyperpower, and its old anti-Semitism all conspire to put it, with its economic and cultural clout, often on the side of our enemies—a fact well known to jihadists who simply repeat and add an Islamic touch to a well-established anti-Americanism.

And fourth, the anti-war movement has become more sophisticated than in the days of Vietnam. Of course there has been dissent from Western wars from the days of Aristophanes and Euripides; but today a number of modern and postmodern ideologies—multiculturalism, moral equivalence, and utopian pacifism—conspire with instantaneous media to make it nearly impossible to fight in the Middle East on the terrorists' turf. It isn't thought merely that Americans should not die in wars deemed "optional" given their great distance from the United States, but also that Americans should not kill the "other." The

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fallen terrorist is usually not in uniform, and photographs—sometimes doctored—of his charred remains are likely to be beamed around the globe as proof that another underprivileged civilian has been murdered by bullying American troops. Note that the media distinguish between civilian and military Israeli losses. Not so with Hezbollah: Everyone who dies in Lebanon is portrayed as a "civilian." Remember, also, that the anti-Western Hezbollah has a very Western media-relations department, whose director, for all his hatred of America, issues American-style business cards complete with an e-mail address.

Sometimes the obvious exceptions prove the new rules. Bill Clinton was able to extend the NATO bombing campaign against Serbia for 77 days of televised carnage, in which hospitals, trains, embassies, and apartment buildings were inadvertently hit and civilians killed. Unlike President Bush, he asked for authorization from neither Congress nor the U.N. Security Council. What, then, explains his relative freedom from criticism, when President Bush was attacked during the first few days in Iraq, and Israel was demonized after a week of bombing in Lebanon?

Turning to the home front, there were no American casualties in the Balkans. NATO planes (there were no ground troops deployed) bombed from well over 20,000 feet, reducing the probability of broadcasts showing mea culpas from captured American soldiers or coffins rolling off military jets at Dover Air Force Base. More significantly, the United States attacked a European and Christian country, not a Third World and Islamic one. Thus the Left could not romanticize Milosevic and his Serbian army as underdog victims of color like the equally fascist Arafat, who had the great advantage of wearing a kaffiyeh.

So strong is the tug of multicultural romance that it trumps even the revulsion of Western progressives at the illiberal jihadist agenda, with its homophobia, sexism, religious intolerance, and racism. Even black leaders have often voiced empathy for the enemies of Israel, as if Palestinian radicals were fellow civil-rights advocates and not chauvinists who publish racist cartoons of Condoleezza Rice.

WHAT'S IN A LEADER?

But there is another unspoken problem. The United States has usually waged war most effectively with Democratic presidents—Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy—who appear as reluctant warriors forced to fight, rather than with supposedly bellicose right-wingers who "enjoy" settling issues by force. This is an increasingly important factor in a therapeutic society that has chosen to ignore the tragic truth that wars will continue to break out until the nature of man changes.

Again, note the absence of criticism when Clinton failed in 1998 even to approach Congress or the United Nations, and compare it with the hysteria that met George W. Bush when he did both before going into Afghanistan and Iraq. Many of Osama bin Laden and Ayman al-Zawahiri's talking points come right from the Western Left—from the myth that the Iraq War was about oil, to the evils of Halliburton, to the "war crimes" at Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo. When Senator Kennedy claims that we are continuing the work of Saddam Hussein or Senator Durbin compares our actions to those of Hitler, Stalin, and Pol Pot, the jihadists fathom all too well that it matters little to the West that its enemies are awful—since the West seems happy to declare itself worse.

So, in the future, how will America—particularly under presidents who cannot posture as reluctant liberal warriors—fight well-trained terrorists and insurgents who have access to lethal weapons and who use the media to portray themselves as sympathetic victims?

The West has ways of checking these checks on its conventional power. And its options extend beyond improvements in military technology that can lessen both its own losses and collateral damage. In an interconnected and globalized world, the example of Western consensual law and economic prosperity can undermine insurgents by winning over the proverbial hearts and minds of their countrymen. For all the slurs against neoconservatism, it is to our advantage that we are now more likely to be caricatured as dreaming idealists than as cynical realists. And if in the short term terrorists find it helpful that explosions and mayhem are aired daily on Western television, in the long term globalization, democratization, and international communications will undermine the parochial world of the Islamic fundamentalist and the Middle East patriarch.

The United States has usually waged war most effectively with Democratic presidents who appear as reluctant warriors forced to fight.

In free societies, the best weapon against those who choose not to fight is simply to tell the public—constantly and candidly—why we should fight. This is true even in ugly wars that present only bad and worse choices. Western armies always do better when a Pericles or a Franklin Roosevelt explains—rather than asserts—how difficult the task is, what the enemy is up to, and how we will, as in the past, ensure its defeat. For all the talk of Vietnam, one forgets that America has so far been quite successful in preventing another 9/11 and removing fascist governments from Afghanistan and Iraq, and that its subsequent efforts to establish lasting democracies may yet prevail.

Unfortunately, the United States will probably have to fight more wars, in places and in ways it would otherwise not choose, and against ever more sophisticated terrorists. What we have done in Afghanistan and Iraq—sometimes well and sometimes not so well—will not impede us from achieving our objectives. But neither will it help us—unless we take time to learn from our recent history, as well as from the long tradition of the Western world at war. **NR**

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■ COVER STORY IV

An Arrow in Our Quiver

Why the U.S. government should consider assassination

MICHAEL RUBIN

No sooner did the Israeli government begin its military operations against Hamas and Hezbollah than European politicians and diplomats, as well as NGOs, warned Israel to cease its actions lest there be collateral civilian damage. Jacques Chirac called Israel's actions "totally disproportionate." Multiple U.N. officials condemned the "horrific" destruction. On July 19, Louise Arbour, the U.N. high commissioner for human rights, condemned as a war crime any bombardment of military targets that resulted in civilian casualties. On August 3, Human Rights Watch released a study concluding that the collateral damage wrought by Israeli bombing "cannot be dismissed as mere accidents and cannot be blamed on wrongful Hezbollah practices." It concluded that Israel had committed war crimes.

The violence of war seldom occurs on isolated battlefields. Whether in Lebanon, Iraq, the Congo, Kosovo, or Bosnia, civilians often die when armies clash and air forces bomb. Complicating the matter is the tendency of human-rights groups to classify as a civilian everyone but formal, uniformed soldiers—a definition that leaves much to be desired.

Even as the human-rights community has condemned counterterrorist actions, it has endorsed measures that give terrorists a freer hand. On April 15, 2002, the U.N. Human Rights Commission passed a resolution endorsing "all available means, including armed struggle," to establish a Palestinian state. While Canada, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States opposed the measure because it would grant suicide bombers legal cover, six European Union nations—Austria, Belgium, France, Portugal, Spain, and Sweden—endorsed it.

While the resolution focused on a single geographical area, the nature of legal precedent gave the ruling far greater reach—and the West needs to adapt to deal with the new moral standard it endorsed. If suicide bombers are allowed to kill innocents, we should be allowed to assassinate the leaders who deploy suicide bombers.

Standards of conduct, after all, change over time. The international community tolerated ethnic cleansing and population transfer between Greece and Turkey after World War I, and between India and Pakistan in the wake of their 1947 partition; but it no longer tolerates the forced transfer of millions of civilians, as the international reaction to ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, Kosovo, and Sudan over the past 15 years demonstrates. Louise Arbour's statement—while baseless in law—reflects a similar shift: the growing international intolerance of wartime casualties. More than 30 million civilians died in World War II; 4 million died in the Korean War. But the quarter million deaths in Bosnia sparked international furor, and many organizations expressed outrage and voiced accusations of war crimes over the several thousand Iraqi civilians who, they said, perished in America's March 2003 "shock and awe" bombing campaign. That Israel has become, in the words of Lebanese prime minister Fouad Siniora, "a savage war machine" because its operation has resulted in perhaps 1,000 casualties illustrates the new criterion of unacceptability.

For the most part, Western militaries have adjusted to the new constraints. As much as the Left likes to condemn multibillion-dollar defense allocations and the growth of the military-industrial complex, that money is necessary not to develop technologies to kill more people, but ones to help avoid needless deaths. The mass and indiscriminate bombardment that once characterized war is a thing of the past. Western democracies could have continued to lob the equivalent of V-1 and V-2 rockets at a much lower cost, but chose not to do so. No longer do civilians, at least those living in a region in which Western armies operate, need to worry about indiscriminate shelling. Iraqis commented on the precision of U.S. bombing immediately after Saddam's fall; and newswires recently ran photographs showing Lebanese watching bombing from restaurants. While Hezbollah strongholds in the southern suburbs of Beirut have been hard hit, most of Beirut is unscathed. Accidents do occur, but they are the exception, not the rule.

Still, as the limit of permissible casualties continues to shrink, Western officials will be left with two options: First, they can choose not to respond to terrorist attacks. This would be both unlikely and unwise. Second, they can reconsider the efficacy of assassination. As military historian Michael Oren noted in a *Washington Post* commentary on July 14, terrorist "leaders remain extremely reluctant to pay for terror with their own lives." The same could be said of their sponsors.

THE NEW BATTLEFIELD

The U.S. legal prohibition against assassination was not always absolute. Until President Gerald Ford issued Executive Order 11905, which declared that "no employee of the United States Government shall engage in, or conspire to engage in, political assassination," the question of the legality of assassination had been vague. True, the Lincoln administration had in 1863 instructed Union forces not to engage in assassination, but subsequent international agreements joined by the U.S.—the 1907 Hague Convention and the 1949 Geneva Conventions—danced around the matter.

During the first half of the Cold War, both Washington and Moscow engaged in assassination of foreign leaders, often through proxies. The Central Intelligence Agency targeted Asian, African, and Latin American leaders. In 1981, Pope John Paul II narrowly escaped death by a Turkish assassin's bullet in a plot that, according to East German Stasi files, the KGB

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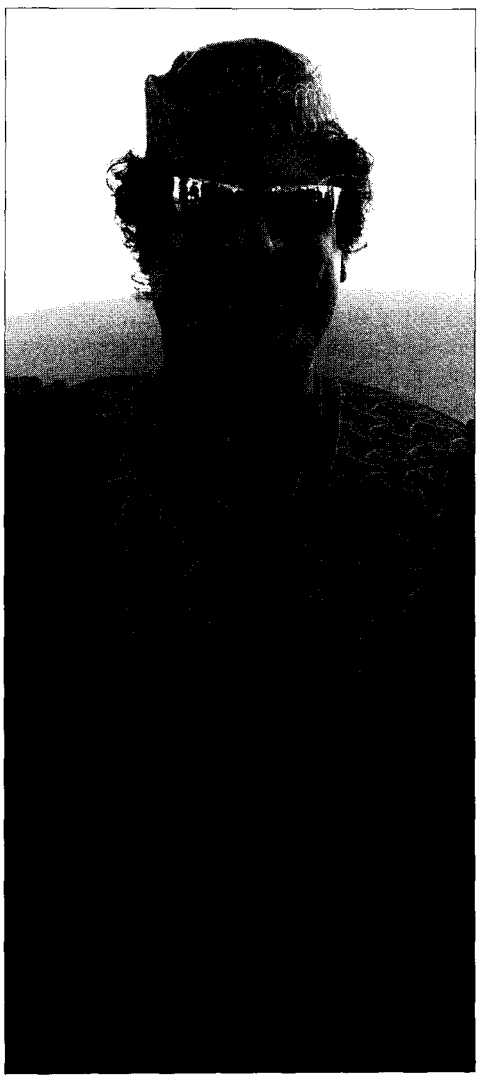
ordered and assigned to the Bulgarian secret service. But even while U.S. adversaries continued to encourage assassination, Washington sought to consolidate what many policymakers considered the moral high ground. On December 4, 1981, Ronald Reagan signed Executive Order 12333, which expanded the prohibition to include not just U.S. government employees, but also those "acting on behalf of the United States Government." The U.S. government could not farm out its dirty work to its allies. In the years since, antagonism to assassination has become such accepted dogma that when U.S. officials learn of a pending assassination of a head of state, they automatically warn the target. Such an attitude prolonged the life of at least one Axis of Evil member—at a subsequent cost to American lives.

The prohibition on assassination has enabled foreign leaders to further their embrace of terror. In the early 1980s, Moammar Qaddafi personified rogue behavior. He thumbed his nose at international conventions, pursued weapons of mass destruction, worked to destabilize regimes throughout Africa, and offered aid and safe haven to a cornucopia of terrorist groups. In 1983, Reagan adviser Joseph Churba suggested reviving assassination as a tool of statecraft: He called on the U.S. government to remove Qaddafi through both "covert and overt means." If Libya did not adhere to international norms of behavior, he argued, then Tripoli "cannot be treated within the framework of the accepted norms of international comity." The CIA condemned Churba's remarks.

More than two decades later, discussion of assassination remains taboo. Even during open hostilities, U.S. military doctrine prohibits targeting an opposing political leader unless, according to the U.S. Army's 1996 *Operational Law Handbook*, his death is "indispensable for securing the complete submission of the enemy." That assassination cannot even be discussed is unfortunate. In the three years after Churba's remarks, neither the Reagan administration nor the international community constrained Qaddafi's adventurism. On April 5, 1986, Libyan agents placed a bomb in a Berlin discotheque, killing two American servicemen. Reagan ordered Libyan targets to be bombed in retaliation, killing a number of Libyan troops and at least 15 civilians. Qaddafi continued to embrace terrorism. On January 31, 2001, a Scottish court found a Libyan agent guilty of downing Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie in 1988, killing 270. Had the Reagan administration assassinated Qaddafi in the early 1980s, they might well have saved the lives of those killed deliberately by Qaddafi, those murdered in terrorist attacks from Belfast to Baghdad by groups he sponsored, and those killed as collateral damage in the 1986 U.S. bombing of Tripoli and Benghazi.



Once upon a target: Moammar Qaddafi

LYNSEY ADDARIO/CORBIS

SURGICAL STRIKES

Iraq is an even more poignant example. The international community long knew of the danger Saddam Hussein posed: He started the Iran–Iraq War, used chemical weapons against Iraq's Kurdish population, and—on March 15, 1990—executed a British journalist. On June 4, 1990, *U.S. News & World Report* labeled Saddam "the world's most dangerous man." Had Washington acted then, there would have been no need for the 1991 and 2003 military campaigns, with their attendant damage to the Iraqi infrastructure, nor would the U.N. Security Council have had reason to impose sanctions.

Other examples abound. Bill Clinton might have spared the lives of at least 500 Serbian civilians if, in 1999, he had chosen to eliminate Yugoslav president Slobodan Milosevic rather than bomb his country into submission.

If a single bullet or bomb could forestall a far bloodier application of force, would it not be irresponsible to fail to consider that option—especially when the leaders of both Iran and North Korea threaten to use nuclear weapons and call for the destruction of both regional democracies and the U.S.? As Lebanon continues to burn, its Cedar Revolution in shambles, and Iraq teeters on the edge of civil war, Iranian supreme leader Ali Khamenei and Syrian president Bashar al-Assad might be far less willing to facilitate the supply of Hezbollah and other terrorist proxies if they knew that the cost of their actions might be their own lives.

The idea that governments cannot defeat terrorism by force may be a mantra among the foreign-policy elite, but it is not true. Widespread collateral damage to the civilian population might bolster terrorist recruitment, but so too do successful terrorist operations. Targeted assassination can disrupt this Catch-22. By targeting terrorists in Yemen, Afghanistan, and Iraq, the Bush administration has already disrupted al-Qaeda planning. The death of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi was another victory. Terrorists may replace assassinated leaders, but it takes time for successors to gain experience. Assassination disrupts operations in a fundamental way: Following a targeted assassination, surviving terrorists must reconsider the trust they place in their associates.

This was seen to great effect in Israel's targeted assassination campaign against Palestinian terrorists during the second intifada. In a Winter 2003 *Middle East Quarterly* article, Israeli scholar Gal Luft analyzed Israel's experience. While acknowl-

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edging the persistence of terror despite the targeted assassinations, he observed: "What is less apparent is the profound cumulative effect of targeted killing on terrorist organizations. Constant elimination of their leaders leaves terrorist organizations in a state of confusion and disarray." Those who fill the smoldering shoes of the former leader know their life expectancy will be short unless they make an abrupt adjustment in their policy.

Israel's targeting of terrorist operatives and ideologues did, in fact, stop the violence; it was Prime Minister Ariel Sharon's decision to disengage from Gaza that reignited it. Palestinians interpreted the Israeli withdrawal as evidence that they could maximize their gains through violence rather than peaceful diplomacy.

THE LAW VERSUS TERRORISM

Many diplomats and activists will say assassination is, simply, illegal. But this is not quite true: Any individual, be he a guerrilla or a state official, who is involved in planning terrorist attacks is a combatant and, according to international law, a legitimate target. This is especially applicable in the case of Iran's current leadership. State Department reports regularly, and correctly, call Iran "the most active state sponsor of terrorism." U.S. counterterrorism authorities believe Brig. Gen. Ahmad Sharifi of the Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps helped plan the 1996 Khobar Towers bombing, which killed 19 U.S. servicemen. In 1997, a German court found that, five years earlier, Khamenei and a coterie of senior Iranian officials ordered the murder of Iranian dissidents in a Berlin restaurant. As court documents in the 1998 case *Stephen M. Flatow* v. *The Islamic Republic of Iran* demonstrate, the leadership of the Islamic Republic was so bold in its support of terrorism that it even included a budgetary line item for terror support—which, in this case, was used to murder a 20-year-old American girl studying in Israel. The Pentagon should consider Revolutionary Guards commanders combatants, because of their role in smuggling weapons into Iraq for use against Coalition troops. No combatant should enjoy security from retribution simply because of where he resides. Every Iranian government-sanctioned "Death to America" rally, or military parade with banners draped over missiles declaring their target to be the United States, is a declaration of war by Khamenei, Revolutionary Guard Maj. Gen. Yahya Rahim Safavi, and President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad against the United States, and should be treated as such.

Those who view terrorism as a judicial rather than a military matter may raise issues of due process. But terror sponsors and rogue regimes do not abide by any such process. And—with Executive Order 12036—President Jimmy Carter mandated congressional oversight of covert activities, so elected U.S. representatives can ensure that assassination is not conducted lightly but only as a last resort.

There remains a gut-level revulsion to assassination, but this afflicts the foreign-policy elite more than ordinary Americans. In the aftermath of 9/11, more than half of Americans surveyed in a *Newsweek* poll thought that the U.S. military or intelligence agencies should be granted the power to assassinate terrorist leaders, not only in the Middle East and Africa, but in Europe as well. As modern communications networks send pictures of dead and maimed civilians across the world in seconds, revulsion is relative.

Some commentators resort to the argument that assassination would lower Washington to the standards of a rogue regime, but such moral equivalency falls flat. The aim, after all, of any Washington-sanctioned assassination would be not to terrorize, but to obviate the need for a more destructive military campaign against an adversary. By giving the president an additional policy tool he might use before inaugurating a military campaign, assassination might even prevent war.

Any individual, be he a guerrilla or a state official, who is involved in planning terrorist attacks is a combatant and, according to international law, a legitimate target.

A more serious concern would be that of tit-for-tat violence. Just as President Bush's critics argued that the preemption policies of his first National Security Strategy might open a Pandora's Box of countries seeking to attack their enemies, so too might a White House decision to engage in assassination enable other countries to justify similar actions. But many countries actually already do sanction assassination—if not formally, than by terrorist proxy. The U.N.'s Brammertz Commission will likely conclude that Syrian president Bashar al-Assad ordered the assassination of former Lebanese premier Rafiq Hariri. Further dampening the prospect for tit-for-tat violence is the fact that, unlike in Cold War days, a president could not sanction assassination for simple geopolitical gain. Vladimir Putin and Jacques Chirac can be as obstructionist or obnoxious as they wish and face nothing more lethal than Vice President Cheney's criticism—but if a foreign commander-in-chief or his immediate agents threatened the U.S. homeland, they would receive no such immunity.

As diplomats and international jurists condemn military strikes and label any civilian casualties as violations of international law, they constrain conventional response. This may be their intention, but it is the duty of elected U.S. officials to protect the security of the United States and the life and liberty of its citizenry. If the White House aims to defend the nation against terrorism, and avoid the expense, damage, and trauma of war, it is time to revoke the ban on assassinating our enemies. **NR**

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■ THE JUDICIARY

Not Qualified

The American Bar Association and its role in our confirmation process

EDWARD WHELAN

With its lurch leftwards in recent decades, the American Bar Association can no longer plausibly claim to be a nonpartisan professional-services organization for lawyers. But even as it has degenerated into another liberal advocacy group, the ABA has trumpeted the imprimatur that its continuing privileged role in the judicial-confirmation process accords it. It's time to put an end to that.

In 2001, President Bush eliminated the special role that the ABA had long played in assessing judicial candidates *before* they were nominated. Little changed, however, because the Senate Judiciary Committee maintained the ABA's role in its own process. Among other things, a hearing on a nominee will generally not take place until the ABA has delivered its rating. As a result, nominees have had to extend special favors to the ABA that no other outside group receives, such as submitting to confidential interviews and providing personal information. The ABA defends its privileged status by asserting that its Standing Committee on Federal Judiciary, which rates federal judicial nominees, operates independent of the rest of the organization and is steadfastly impartial.

Regrettably, those assertions are not true. Rather, the ABA committee's operations are badly compromised by systemic and longstanding flaws in the selection of committee members—flaws that the ABA has declined to address. Those flaws have manifested themselves most recently in the unfair process that yielded the remarkable "not qualified" rating of a highly distinguished lawyer, Michael B. Wallace, whom President Bush nominated early this year to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit (which covers Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi).

The primary flaw in the ABA's process for selecting committee members is that the ABA president has unchecked power in making appointments to the committee. Outgoing president Michael Greco, a vituperative critic of President Bush, illustrated a year ago how this power could be blatantly abused to stack the committee with members who have one-sided, partisan ideological attachments. Consider whom he appointed to the committee:

• John Payton is on the board of People for the American Way, a group vitriolically opposed to President Bush's judicial nominees. He is also a board member of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, which is on the hard left on racial issues and has fervently opposed President Bush's judicial nominees as well as his two nominees for attorney general. In a 2005 speech, Payton decried the "serious erosion of fundamental legal rights that we cherish and promote as Americans" that has supposedly taken place since 9/11.

• Kim Askew is on the board of trustees of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights.

• Marna Tucker is a founding board member of the National Women's Law Center, which promotes "reproductive rights" and publicly opposes judicial nominees who are not committed to its agenda. Tucker has long been an activist within the ABA for feminist causes. A strong ally of Hillary Clinton, she has contributed heavily to her as well as to John Kerry, Ted Kennedy, EMILY's List (the pro-abortion PAC), and other liberal causes.

• Teresa Wynn Roseborough is the former chairman and a board member of the American Constitution Society for Law and Policy, which describes its mission as "promot[ing] a progressive vision of the Constitution, law and public policy." A political appointee in the Clinton administration, Roseborough publicly stated that "I was so excited about the opportunity to work for a Democratic administration partly because I was so dismayed with what I saw happening to the legal regime under Republican administrations."

• Roberta Liebenberg serves on the board of Womens Way, a Philadelphia-based group that, among other things, "fight[s] for . . . reproductive freedom." An admiring profile of her in the *Philadelphia Business Journal* says she "pursue[s] law with an activist bent."

Demonstrating his commitment to balance, Greco did select one token Republican, a small-town real-estate lawyer from Montana who has no evident ideological attachments.

WELL-QUALIFIED ACTIVISTS

A second, and related, flaw in the ABA's selection process is that the ABA looks heavily to bar-association activists who see service on the committee as another stepping stone in their rise to power within the ABA. Thus, somehow Stephen Tober, an undistinguished lawyer of unimpressive ability, became chairman of the committee, and Marna Tucker sits as the D.C. Circuit member, even though her specialty in divorce law is almost entirely unrelated to the work of the federal courts.

The fact that the ABA committee is wildly lopsided does not mean that the committee has openly and lavishly indulged its ideological biases. That may well be a testament to the integrity of the committee members, or perhaps it reflects a sober political calculation. In any event, the ABA committee did give the nominations of both Chief Justice Roberts and Justice Alito its highest "well qualified" rating, and most of its ratings of lower-court nominees have also appeared reasonable.

But, as some recent shenanigans show, the committee sometimes succumbs to its biases. Earlier this year, Tucker engineered a supplemental evaluation of the nomination of senior White House aide Brett Kavanaugh to the D.C. Circuit. Two ABA reviews in previous years had given Kavanaugh an overall "well qualified" rating. But Tucker, instead of confining her supplemental evaluation to the period since the last review, launched a partisan scorched-earth campaign that led to a downgraded rating of "qualified." That lower rating and the ABA's public release of

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negative (though largely incoherent) allegations that it falsely claimed to have disclosed to Kavanaugh fueled the campaign by Senate Democrats against his confirmation. (Kavanaugh was confirmed in May by a 57–36 vote.)

Far more striking was the ABA's "not qualified" rating of Wallace, a well-respected attorney in Mississippi with stellar credentials, including a Supreme Court clerkship for the late William Rehnquist. The fact that both Tober and Greco had intemperately attacked Wallace in the late 1980s when he served on the board of the Legal Services Corporation, a federal entity that helps provide legal services to the poor, reinforced suspicions about the rating.

In June, Senate Judiciary Committee chairman Arlen Specter asked Tober to share with the Judiciary Committee, confidentially, the report on Wallace that was circulated to ABA committee members. Completely stiffing Specter's request, Tober replied by asserting—falsely, as it turns out—that the ABA had fully apprised Wallace of the negative allegations that it relied on. Specter also told Tober that "fundamental fairness" required that Wallace have ample time to prepare a response to the testimony that the ABA would present at his hearing. "Waiting until twenty-four hours before the hearing" to submit testimony, Specter wrote, would be unfair to Wallace and to Judiciary Committee members. In reply, Tober promised that the ABA would submit its testimony at least 48 hours in advance. But when Specter scheduled a hearing on Wallace's nomination in mid-July, the ABA did not submit its testimony until less than 24 hours before the hearing. Specter postponed the hearing, and it is expected to take place in mid-September.

Curiously, when it did finally submit its written testimony, the ABA requested that it be kept confidential until its witnesses testified in person. As a result, the testimony did not become public until after I received a copy and blogged extensively about it. It's easy to see why the ABA wanted to keep it hidden for as long as possible. Kim Askew, the committee member who investigated Wallace, concedes that he "has the highest professional competence" and "possesses the integrity to serve on the bench," but she finds Wallace lacking on the highly malleable element of "judicial temperament." Her primary argument is that Wallace's representation of the Mississippi Republican party in a 1984 congressional redistricting case somehow indicates that he is not committed to equal justice. Lawyers, she says, charged that the position that Wallace advanced on behalf of his client was not well-founded and that he was pushing his own personal views. But it is difficult to discern any sense to these charges, much less serious evidence to support them.

Worse, it turns out that the plaintiffs' counsel in that case was none other than the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights. Thus, Askew was assessing the weight and credibility of comments made by those associated with the same left-wing group for which she serves as a trustee. Her obligation to recuse herself from the investigation and evaluation of Wallace would seem clear. For perspective, imagine this farfetched scenario: The ABA committee is controlled by conservatives, and a liberal president nominates a distinguished lawyer who has a record of pro-abortion advocacy. The ABA committee member who investigates the nominee is on the board of a national pro-life organization that has litigated against the nominee and perceives that litigation as the primary mark against the nominee. Further, both the chairman of the committee and the ABA president have publicly attacked the nominee over his involvement in a liberal cause. On the recommendation of the investigating member, the committee rates the nominee "not qualified." Wouldn't everyone recognize that the process was unfair and that the rating was highly suspect? The same conclusions should apply to the ABA's rating of Wallace.

But it gets even worse. The ABA's procedures required that Askew disclose adverse information to Wallace if she could do so without violating the confidentiality of witnesses, or, if not, that she not include the information in her report to her fellow committee members. But Askew's testimony makes clear that she repeatedly refused to disclose to Wallace key details regarding vague allegations—but that she included the allegations in her report to the committee. Askew's violations of the ABA's own procedures deprived Wallace of any effective opportunity to contest and refute the charges against him.

The ABA's mistreatment of Michael B. Wallace, whom President Bush nominated to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, starkly demonstrates that ABA evaluations can't be trusted.

Worse still, Askew ignored obvious signs that Wallace was facing an orchestrated campaign against him. And, although Tober went through the motions of having a second reviewer assess Wallace (as the ABA procedures require in the event of a "not qualified" recommendation by the first reviewer), the second reviewer did not re-interview any of the witnesses that Askew had interviewed, but instead accepted and relied on her interview summaries. (Note the stark contrast with Tucker's supplemental evaluation of Kavanaugh.) So much for the independent check that second review was supposed to provide.

The ABA committee's mistreatment of Wallace starkly demonstrates that ABA evaluations can't be trusted. Moreover, by denying Specter's reasonable request that the Senate committee be provided, confidentially, the actual report that was circulated to ABA committee members, the ABA has shown either that it doesn't trust Specter and his colleagues or that it is unwilling to provide a guarantee of transparency. Specter has now rejected the ABA's rating of Wallace and has deftly teed up the broader question of displacing the ABA from its privileged role in the confirmation process. The time for action is ripe, as the ABA has proven itself unworthy of the trust that has been placed in it. **NR**

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HELP!!!!

World Trade Center

Directed by Oliver Stone,
Who heretofore hasn't been known
For movies with flag-waving themes;
It opened last Wednesday to screams
Not heard since James Cagney reprised
George Cohan. Critics were surprised,
Though liberals, one may intuit,
On exiting (sourly), boo it.

—W. H. von Dreele

"I invented walking upright, and he invented falling down."

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the long view

ROB LONG

Official Transcript: "Larry King Live," September 23rd, 2007

LARRY KING: "Tomorrow night! The incomparable Shirley Jones! And Donald Rumsfeld! From Ashland, Oregon, you're on with Mel Gibson! Hello!"

CALLER: "Hi, Larry. I would just like to say that I hope that members of the Jewish community never forget, and never forgive, what Mel Gibson said that night in Malibu."

LARRY KING: "Never forget. Powerful words. Thoughts? Responses?"

MEL GIBSON: "What can I say, Larry, that I haven't already said? I'm just really, really sorry. But you know, there's a kind of person who just won't forgive. There's a kind of person who carries a grudge."

CALLER: "Is that anti-Semitic?"

MEL GIBSON: "I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were Jewish."

CALLER: "Is *that* anti-Semitic?"

LARRY KING: "Do I make you uncomfortable? I mean, the Jewish thing and all?"

MEL GIBSON: "No, Larry, of course not."

LARRY KING: "You knew I was Jewish before all of this . . . this mishegas?"

MEL GIBSON: "I didn't know it for a fact, obviously. But, you know, I had a sense."

LARRY KING: "Interesting. You had a sense that I was Jewish. And it didn't bother you?"

MEL GIBSON: "Larry, honestly, that night . . ."

LARRY KING: "You were loaded."

MEL GIBSON: "Boy, was I."

LARRY KING: "From Greencastle, Indiana! Hello!"

CALLER: "Yeah, um, Larry, I'd like to ask Mr. Gibson how, exactly, he thinks that all the wars in the world were started by Jews."

LARRY KING: "Gotta say I was puzzled by that one, too. Couldn't figure it out, the logic, I mean. I kept thinking, 'Did he mean the U.S. Civil War? How was that our fault? Rome and Carthage? Where were the Jews?' On the other hand, the Crimea connection I almost get. But, honestly, the rest of 'em? So I hopped on the computer and started surfing the Internet. Did the whole Google thing for hours and hours. Fascinating stuff. Discovered something called a Wikipedia. Started a MySpace. Had fun. Has the web changed the world, Mel Gibson?"

MEL GIBSON: "Without a doubt, Larry."

LARRY KING: "It's brought us closer together but it's also moved us farther apart."

MEL GIBSON: "I think there's a lot of truth in that."

LARRY KING: "Interesting stuff."

CALLER: "Um . . . if I could just . . ."

LARRY KING: "This weekend! Barry Manilow! At the piano! From Greencastle, Indiana! Hello!"

CALLER: "Um . . . I'm still here. I wanted to ask about the wars that all the Jews supposedly started."

LARRY KING: "Good question. Mel? Jews and all the wars in history. Your take?"

MEL GIBSON: "Again, what can I say? I was drunk, and said foolish, crazy, totally unjustifiable things for which I'm heartily sorry and thoroughly ashamed."

LARRY KING: "Hutus and Tutsis? Where's the Jew angle?"

MEL GIBSON: "There isn't one, Larry."

LARRY KING: "Didn't think so."

MEL GIBSON: "You know, unless there was a Jewish guy down there selling machetes and wooden clubs. But the Jews usually go for higher-margin items."

LARRY KING: "Nicely put. From Beverly Hills, California, hello!"

CALLER: "Hi, Larry, hi, Mel."

LARRY KING: "What's your question, caller?"

CALLER: "Well, Larry, it's more of an offer, really. Mel, this is Ari Emanuel."

MEL GIBSON: "Hi, Ari."

CALLER: "Hi, Mel."

LARRY KING: "My producer is telling me in my ear that you're a talent agent, is that correct?"

CALLER: "That's right, Larry. And last year, when the story broke, I made some pretty bold and outlandish statements in the press and on the Huffington Post—"

LARRY KING: "Arianna Huffington! She blogs! She drives an electric car! What doesn't she do?"

CALLER: "Yes, Larry, yes, she's a multifaceted individual. Anyway, I said some extreme things. I called for an industry-wide boycott of Mel Gibson, I said I'd personally never work with him—in short, I went a little overboard. And in the spirit of Mel's apology to the Jewish community, I'd like to offer an apology of my own to Mel."

MEL GIBSON: "Apology accepted."

CALLER: "And to ask him to lunch, sometime next week, to talk about maybe, if he's interested, changing his representation."

LARRY KING: "This sounds like healing to my Jewish ears! Go to Nate 'n Al's deli on Beverly Drive! Have a matzo brie!"

CALLER: "Well, Larry, as you know, Mel is a talented and prolific filmmaker, and it would be a shame for one disastrous event to obscure his contributions to this town and this industry."

LARRY KING: "Mel, how much did the Passion picture make, all in all? Net?"

MEL GIBSON: "Hard to say, really, Larry. Around 600 million, I think."

CALLER: "It was $752,930,433."

LARRY KING: "And you've got another picture coming up?"

MEL GIBSON: "Correct. It's sort of based on an old book that's been around for years. We're calling it, simply, 'Protocols.'"

CALLER: "We at the agency would love to sit down with you and talk about that, Mel."

LARRY KING: "Sounds like a hit!"

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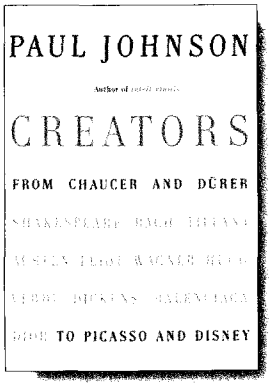
God's Gift To Man



Creators: From Chaucer and Dürer to Picasso and Disney, by Paul Johnson (HarperCollins, 320 pp., $25.95)

ROGER KIMBALL

In 1988, the British historian Paul Johnson published a slim volume called *Intellectuals*. What is an intellectual? Johnson defined the beast as "someone who thinks ideas are more important than people," and proceeded to take readers on an entertaining, though decidedly unedifying, tour of typical intellectuals from Shelley and Karl Marx to Bertrand Russell and D. H. Lawrence. My, what an unlovely tribe! Self-absorbed, hypocritical louts, most of them, infatuated above all with the thought of their own higher virtue.

Johnson is a consummate storyteller, and *Intellectuals* became an instant bestseller, gobbled up eagerly by nearly everyone except those whose follies it anatomized, intellectuals themselves. What really rankled, especially among academic intellectuals whose audience generally numbers in the low three figures, was the book's popular success. Among other things, *Intellectuals* illustrated a principle enunciated with all possible clarity by the English music critic Ernest Newman: "Journalist," said Newman (himself a fixture for decades at the London *Times*), is a term of contempt employed by writers who are not read to refer to writers who are.

What especially infuriated critics was Johnson's systematic unwillingness to take intellectuals at their own self-estimation. These people, most of them, were bad hats, and Johnson did not forbear to point out their brutality; their cavalier disregard of friends, family, and supporters; and their often comical inflation of their own importance. Most readers found the book hugely entertaining, but some complained that it was "mean-spirited," concentrating on the failures and foibles of human ambition, not its aspirational yearnings.

Creators is in part a response to that criticism. The book, Johnson tells us in his opening pages, forms the second part of a trilogy that began with *Intellectuals* and will end with *Heroes*, which will dilate on those "who have enriched history by careers or acts of conspicuous courage and leadership."

There are a few surprises in *Creators*. I for one was dismayed to find that Johnson's list of the five architects of outstanding accomplishment in the English-speaking world did not include Stanford White. (Had I to choose, I'd substitute White for Johnson's candidate Frank Lloyd Wright.) But this is a quibble. *Creators* is a riveting collage of a book. Its ambitious scope is adumbrated by its subtitle: "From Chaucer and Dürer to Picasso and Disney." Shakespeare, Bach, Jane Austen, Turner, and T. S. Eliot are here; so are Wagner, Tiffany, Victor Hugo, and the dress designer Cristóbal Balenciaga. (The chapter on Balenciaga and Christian Dior is a special delight.) Along the way Johnson glances at figures as disparate as Imhotep, vizier or chief minister to a succession of Egyptian pharaohs circa 2600 B.C., and Thomas Telford, the great Scottish bridge-builder and engineer. Johnson has prepared the widest possible canvas upon which to paint his tableau. Creativity, he points out, is a fundamental God-given grace of human life, inherent in all of us, as much in the humorist whose creative gift issues in the transient if utterly absorbing phenomenon of laughter as in the architect, painter, musician, or writer, whose creativity issues in more lasting monuments.

One of the reasons that *Intellectuals* garnered the criticisms it did was that it was misread as an exercise in intellectual history. Johnson was not endeavoring to explain the ideas of (say) Karl Marx or Jean-Paul Sartre. That has been done a hundred times over. Instead, he endeavored to provide a sort of moral archeology of the figures he discussed. His aim was to understand their work, their ambition, in the context of their lives. He is up to something similar in this book. *Creators* is full of fascinating aperçus and asides. I especially liked Johnson's recollection of his meeting with T.S. Eliot at a party in 1953. The sole comment the poet addressed to him was, "There is nothing in this world quite so stimulating as a strong dry martini cocktail."

Still, *Creators* is not a book "about" Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or any of the other characters who populate its pages. Instead it canvasses the pains and pleasure of creativity, offering an inventory of some of the most significant ways in which the urge to create has incarnated itself in human history. Johnson aims to provide a Baedeker for high-level creativity as it has manifested itself in (mostly) Western art and culture.

It is worth noting that the expression of creativity, even creativity at a high level, does not require genius. Johnson devotes a chapter to Jane Austen (along with some other women novelists), and though he greatly admires Austen's novels—what sane person does not?—he is probably right that she "was not a genius." This is not to diminish Austen's achievement but rather to suggest that genius may not be the essential concomitant of superlative artistic, intellectual, or cultural achievement. There are after all plenty of geniuses about. Often, their productions are more curious than substantial. Think only of Hegel: a man, as Kierkegaard said, who built an intellectual palace but lived in the guard house. As the English essayist Walter Bagehot observed in another context, "In the faculty of writing nonsense, stupidity is no match for genius."

The allotropes of creativity are as various as the individuals who embody the creative spirit. Nonetheless one can discern leitmotifs of the creative spirit. For ex-

Mr. Kimball is publisher of Encounter Books and co-editor and co-publisher of *The New Criterion*.

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ample, most visual artists of superlative accomplishment begin young—three is the age Johnson mentions—and follow their careers with an all-absorbing passion. Dürer was typical: "As soon as he could hold a pen," Johnson tells us, "he was drawing." It was the same with Turner and his Japanese equivalent Hokusai, the 19th-century painter who "in effect created Japanese landscape painting from nothing." Turner had his first watercolor accepted by the Royal Academy when he was 16, his first oil four years later. He became a full Royal Academician at the unusually young age of 27. Hokusai, who lived to his late 80s, began young and pursued his art with astonishing single-mindedness. At 83, he sent an autobiographical fragment, as touching as it is whimsical, to his publisher:

> From the age of six I could draw forms and objects. By 50 I had turned out an infinite number of drawings. But I am not happy about anything I did before 70. Only at 73 did I begin to understand the true form and nature of birds, fish and plants. By 80 I had made a lot of progress. At 90 I will begin to get to the root of it all. By 100 I will have reached a Superior State in art, undefinable, and by 110, every dot and line will be living.

It is clear that Johnson—himself an amateur watercolorist of impressive accomplishment—greatly admires the creative spirit in action. But it is also clear that he is under no illusions about the moral claims of creative spirits. Writing in passing about the dissolute poet Dylan Thomas, Johnson notes that no one who studies creators will find them "a particularly amiable or grateful tribe." Indeed, many of the creators he discusses—Wagner, Victor Hugo—were prodigies of egoism and worse. To what extent they go together—the egoism and the creativity—is a question Johnson touches on but does not settle.

The biggest offender in Johnson's menagerie is undoubtedly Picasso, one of the most curious cultural figures of the 20th century. Long before his death in 1973, Picasso had emerged in the public imagination as perhaps *the* creative artistic genius of the period. For many, Picasso was to art as Einstein was to science. Of course, not everyone was susceptible. Few perhaps went as far as Evelyn Waugh, who for a period ended his letters with the valediction "Death to Picasso." But there were many who contemplated Picasso's deliberate assault upon nature and the human figure with horror, not admiration. What seems clear from our vantage point thirty-odd years after Picasso's death is that his reputation owed as much to the public intoxication as to his achievement. Picasso may have been, as Johnson observes, "the most restless, experimental, and productive artist who ever lived," but he was also an artist whose primary endowment was the ability to sense "exactly how much the vanguard of the art world would take."

The two words that best describe Picasso's activities as an artist—as a man, too—are "cunning" and "rage." From an early age, Picasso knew (in Gertrude Stein's phrase) exactly how far to go in going too far. The astonishingly protean quality of Picasso's work—from the sentimentalities of the Blue Period to the depredations of his cubist and post-cubist "portraits"—bespeaks not only an abundance of creative élan but also a fundamental vacuum at the center of his art. "Obviously," Picasso said in an aside that speaks volumes about his attitude toward his art, "Nature exists so that we can rape it." Johnson describes Picasso as "essentially a fashion designer," catering with perfect pitch to the fickle vicissitudes of avant-garde taste. It is worth noting, I think, how much smaller Picasso's achievement seems now than it did even a decade ago. In time, I predict, he will be seen primarily as a gifted caricaturist who also happened to be a thoroughly repulsive man.

It was of course naughty of Paul Johnson to pair Picasso with Walt Disney, the inventor of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Naughty, but also instructive. Where Picasso made war on nature, Disney always endeavored to follow it. He and his team of animators spent countless hours observing the movements of the animals they brought to life in their cartoons. Picasso's attitude toward nature was consonant with his attitude toward women: They were, as one of his mistresses bitterly recalled, either "goddesses or doormats," and Picasso's chief ambition was to transform the former into the latter. Picasso wanted to get nature. Disney and his team wanted to get it right. How shocking to compare, and compare favorably, a mere cartoonist to an avant-garde artistic icon. Oh, how the academics will hate that! But Johnson is on to something important, and this wise and entertaining book will delight and instruct the serious reading public as much as it will irritate the clerks for whom genius provides a blanket indemnity from all moral scruple. **NR**

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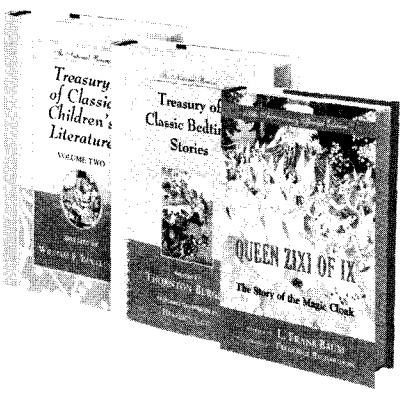

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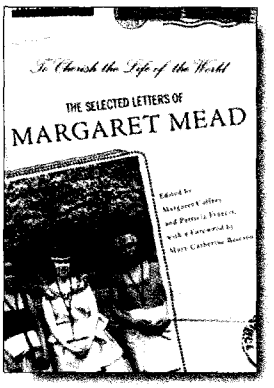

To Cherish the Life of the World: The Selected Letters of Margaret Mead, edited by Margaret Caffrey and Patricia Francis (Basic, 429 pp., $29.95)

JOHN J. MILLER

MARGARET MEAD, the most famous anthropologist of the 20th century, once described field work as "the intensive months of trying to step as fully as one can into the reality of another culture." That's supposedly what she did in 1925, when she arrived in Samoa to study the psychology and sexual habits of island girls. She was just 23, and her head was full of the progressive ideas and cultural relativism that she had imbibed from "Papa Franz"—i.e., Franz Boas, her handlebar-mustachioed mentor at Columbia University.

Once settled in the South Pacific, Mead found that her first task would be to spend six weeks trying to learn the language. She was never especially good at this. Although she picked up enough of the Samoan tongue to conduct interviews, she certainly did not master it. Nor did Mead live among the natives: She said that she didn't care for their food and wanted some privacy, and so she resided with a U.S. naval family. When Mead was actually among the Samoans, she focused her attention on adolescent females, trading cigarettes for gossip about their sex lives. The whole experience lasted about nine months. Such was her attempt "to step as fully as one can into the reality of another culture."

Two years after stepping out, Mead published *Coming of Age in Samoa*, a small book that left a big footprint. She told stories of a tropical paradise, full of frolic and free of guilt. "As the dawn begins to fall," she wrote in an oft-quoted passage, "lovers slip home from trysts beneath the palm trees or in the shadow of beached canoes, that the light may find each sleeper in his appointed place."

Sound alluring? A lot of readers thought so, as they envisioned a never-ending beach party of blue skies, white sands, coconuts, and copulation. The book also offered an underhanded indictment of Western civilization as morally oppressive. Mead suggested, tantalizingly, that we might enjoy our own idyllic pleasures if only we were to shrug off our crushing cultural burdens.

Critics and consumers became so drunk on Mead and her sexed-up Noble Savages that they turned her book into a bestseller—perhaps the bestselling book of anthropology ever written. But that's not to say it had a firmer basis in reality than a typical episode of *Fantasy Island*. A few years ago, the Intercollegiate Studies Institute assembled a panel of conservative scholars and asked them to rank the 50 worst books of the 20th century. Sitting atop the pile was *Coming of Age in Samoa*: "So amusing did the natives find the white woman's prurient questions that they told her the wildest tales—and she believed them!"

One scholar who didn't believe them was Derek Freeman, a New Zealand ethnographer who studied the Samoans in much greater depth than Mead ever did. He measured his time among them in years rather than months. Before dying in 2001, he published two debunking books, in which he lambasted the cultural determinism of Boas and berated *Coming of Age in Samoa*. He even produced a couple of elderly Samoan women who said that they had been Mead's informants, and that they had hoaxed her. Freeman's criticisms, which first went public more than two decades ago, ignited a bitter controversy that continues today. Was anthropology's queen bee a dupe? It appears that she may have been. Yet plenty of academics rushed to defend a woman they preferred to revere as a pioneering feminist.

A new collection of Mead's letters, *To Cherish the Life of the World*, edited by Margaret Caffrey and Patricia Francis, has almost nothing to say about this matter, at least not directly. This is a deliberate decision by the editors, but also an odd one, because so much of Mead's legacy hangs on what really happened in Samoa. Caffrey and Francis do include a single letter that Mead sent to Freeman in 1964, after they had clashed at a seminar in Australia. But they leave out letters

PAST AND FUTURE

What hope have we to endure when everywhere
In nature we see whatever writhes alive
Stake out its territory and selfishly tear
Its clutched food raw in the struggle to survive?
When human history reeks with the vicious and the mad?
The weak imploring the organized by day,
Fields manured with blood like a Turkish jihad,
The right as elusive to find as a pattern in moiré?
What is it that drove the mind of the Empress Wu
To chop off her rival's arms and legs, then in power
To visit her rooting in the pig-sty, forcing her to sue?
What is the individual soul's dower?
Ignore the grim history of the past: We must
Ourselves create our brotherhood from dust.

—MARY EWALD

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Mead sent to Boas from Samoa, on the grounds that they are available elsewhere. And they include none of Mead's correspondence with William Morrow, who agreed to publish *Coming of Age in Samoa* only after persuading Mead to apply the ostensible lessons of her field work to the problems of American youth—in other words, to write some of the most provocative sections of her book.

It's obvious that Caffrey and Francis regard Freeman with utter distaste. A foreword by Mary Catherine Bateson, Mead's daughter, tries to shoo away the dispute with an oblique charge: "A full description of the psychological context of Freeman's behavior has only recently become available." What she doesn't quite say but means to imply is that Freeman was a few islands short of an archipelago. Her coy reference is to an article that appeared last year in *Identity*, a Canadian journal. It accused Freeman of suffering from "narcissist personality disorder," a condition that apparently sparks visions of grandeur and makes it difficult to empathize with others. To be sure, many of those who knew Freeman regarded him as brilliant but disagreeable, and perhaps he really did have a case of NPD. The fact that quarreling professors are now trying to diagnose mental disorders in a dead guy, however, shows that the Mead–Freeman smackdown usually has had at least one foot in the gutter, and it hasn't always been Freeman's.

As much as *To Cherish the Life of the World* would like to sidestep the Freeman debate, its letters do shed light on Mead's personal beliefs and how they may have shaped her Samoan observations. Mead, for instance, subscribed to the same notions of free love that she thought she had uncovered in Samoa. When she traveled to the South Pacific, she had been married for a couple of years to her first husband, Luther Cressman. On her voyage home, however, she fell for Reo Fortune, a psychologist. In a 1926 letter to Ruth Benedict, a fellow Boas disciple with whom she had an ongoing lesbian relationship, Mead tried to explain her fickle emotions: "I vacillate between thinking I'm being greedy and arrogant and thinking that I am incapable of meeting the demand of a single hearted devotion." She divorced Cressman and was getting ready to marry Fortune when she became infatuated with Morris Crawford, a museum consultant. She ultimately broke it off with Crawford and went forward with the wedding, but it wasn't a happy union. "In the last year I've tried monogamy pretty hard—and I did have the sense that a part of me was growing numb," she wrote in 1933. "So I do feel I've given monogamy—in an absolute sense—a pretty fair trial—and found it wanting." She soon left Fortune for Gregory Bateson, another anthropologist. That marriage lasted a little longer than the first two, but it also dissolved.

To sum up, that's three marriages, three divorces, plus affairs with both men and women along the way. Given such a messy personal life, it's amazing that Mead had the time to compose so many navel-gazing letters, let alone a couple of dozen books. She was a competent writer but no wordsmith, and reading this collection is a bit of a slog. Her missives occasionally gush, especially the mash notes to Benedict: "Precious, precious. I kiss your hair," and "Oh—I love you, my beautiful. I kiss your eyes." Yet there is a chill in them as well: "I haven't cared about my family on the purely accidental count of blood relationship," she wrote to her mother in 1927. "I fail to see that blood relationship entitles anyone to special affection." It's a bizarre claim, especially for a cultural anthropologist. How else are children to earn the love of their parents? Or families, composed of flawed individuals, to hold together?

It doesn't take the anthropological equivalent of a rocket scientist to wonder whether Mead's conclusions about Samoan sex were a form of wishful projection—observations that were meant to justify the unconventional lifestyle that she was in the process of choosing for herself. It's certainly no crazier than believing Freeman's criticisms of Mead were the result of a mental illness, and perhaps a lot less so.

There is even reason to suspect that Mead harbored her own doubts about Samoa. As she grew older, she revisited several of the tribes that she had studied in the 1930s, in part to see how they had changed as the modern world encroached upon them. But she never went back to Samoa, the place that launched her career. Was it because she knew that it existed only in her mind? **NR**

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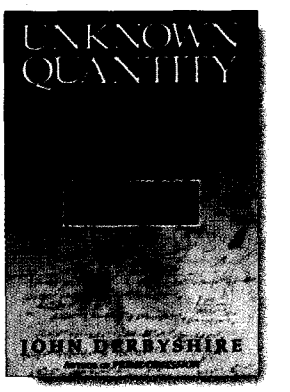

Unknown Quantity: A Real and Imaginary History of Algebra, by John Derbyshire (Joseph Henry, 390 pp., $27.95)

MICHAEL WESTMORELAND

In 1935, a prominent man eulogized one of his friends: "There is, fortunately, a minority composed of those who recognize early in their lives that the most beautiful and satisfying experiences open to humankind are not derived from the outside, but are bound up with the development of the individual's own feeling, thinking, and acting. The genuine artists, investigators, and thinkers have always been persons of this kind. However inconspicuously the life of these individuals runs its course, nonetheless the fruits of their endeavors are the most valuable contributions which one generation can make to its successors."

If you have not yet read John Derbyshire's delightful and challenging history of algebra, *Unknown Quantity*, you might well think that this passage was written by one artist, about another. In a sense it was: The author was Albert Einstein, and he was writing about Emmy Noether, who ranks among the most accomplished mathematicians. One of her greatest accomplishments was to discover a connection between certain mathematical structures and symmetries in physics.

With this new book, Derbyshire establishes himself as one of our foremost expositors of mathematics. His previous

Mr. Westmoreland is a professor of mathematics and computer science at Denison University.

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effort in this area, *Prime Obsession*, was a gem; *Unknown Quantity* is a 100-carat necklace. While *Prime Obsession* focused on the Riemann Hypothesis, a single problem that has animated mathematicians for almost a century and a half, *Unknown Quantity* presents the entire two-millennia-long epic of algebra.

Popular culture—in such films as *Proof*, *Pi*, and *A Beautiful Mind*—tends to portray creative mathematicians as exceedingly odd, even warped individuals. Derbyshire is closer to the truth in telling how ordinary are the lives of most mathematicians. He does note the occasional oddity: Galois's fatally reckless romanticism, Grothendieck's mystic environmentalism. But the drama of this history lies not in the struggles or eccentricities of the people but in the mathematics itself.

Derbyshire both understands and respects the lay reader of mathematics. He knows that the typical reader will be unfamiliar with advanced mathematics, but he also respects that reader's ability to learn something about it. Such an attitude requires courage on the part not only of the author but of the publisher as well. Most publishers will not touch a popular book with an equation or two in it; Joseph Henry Press is to be applauded.

This does not mean that *Unknown Quantity* simply expects the reader to struggle on without assistance. Six mathematical "primers" are dispersed throughout the text. They cover such topics as the arithmetic of imaginary numbers, the basics of vector spaces, and the manipulation of polynomials. None of these primers requires the reader to know anything more than the basics of arithmetic. Any reader who carefully reads and attempts the problems will be rewarded with knowing some actual mathematics and not just knowing some new and recondite names.

The book is challenging but highly rewarding. The reader will learn, among other things, how two plus two *can* equal one; how to take the square root of negative numbers; how to deal with more than four dimensions; and what the connections are between algebra and the other great branch of mathematics, geometry.

What comes through in Derbyshire's account is that mathematics is cumulative in a way other sciences are not. In astrophysics, the theory of planetary motion starts with Newton in the 17th century; studying Ptolemy's epicycles from 1,500 years earlier would be quite beside the point. But new mathematics builds on the old. For example, to take the square root of -1 (an innovation from the 16th century) it helps to understand how to take square roots of positive numbers (a process understood by the ancient Babylonians). Derbyshire deals with this broad sweep in a masterful way, taking us from the work of Diophantus in the 3rd century A.D. up to the work of Grothendieck in the 20th century.

One hopes that *Unknown Quantity* will catch the attention of at least two, overlapping audiences. The first consists of people who are interested in becoming mathematicians, from the curious high-school student to the recently graduated college math major. The younger group will benefit from a look at mathematics as it currently exists. (Most high-school students have, at best, dealt with mathematics that was state-of-the art in the 17th century.) As for the math majors, all too many wind up studying it because they have been told that they are "good at math"—while lacking a sense of what the overall intellectual landscape of math looks like. *Unknown Quantity* provides that necessary perspective, showing how algebra connects with other areas of mathematics and science. This is a wonderful thing to have; when you spend hours calculating the p-Sylow subgroups of groups of order ten—a common (if not popular) task for undergraduate math majors—it is easy to lose sight of the broader picture: for example, of the beautiful connections between group theory and quantum mechanics.

The other audience for the book consists of anyone who wants to know what mathematicians do. In my case, I have been asked some amusing questions about my work. Do I sit around solving Ph.D.-level quadratic equations? Am I a sort of research CPA, doing arcane bookkeeping? Do I repair computers? While each of these tasks sprang from mathematics, the discipline moved on to explore new territory.

A reader who wishes to understand the physical world and the life of the mind should have some understanding of mathematics. He should grasp that mathematics is done as much for its beauty as for its utility. States and corporations will spend treasure on mathematics because it is useful; men and women will spend their lives on it because it is beautiful. To understand that beauty, there is no better starting point than Derbyshire's *Unknown Quantity*. **NR**

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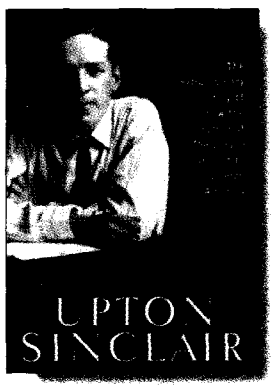

Radical Innocent: Upton Sinclair, by Anthony Arthur (Random House, 400 pp., $27.95)

JOHN WILSON

TIMED to coincide with the centenary of Upton Sinclair's best-known book, *The Jungle*, his exposé of the meatpacking industry, Anthony Arthur's *Radical Innocent* chronicles the long, quixotic life of the prolific novelist and socialist gadfly. Neither hagiographic nor condescending, Arthur is an exemplary biographer, interested in human beings for their own sake, in all their unvarnished oddity.

In common with many of capitalism's most relentless critics, Sinclair came not from the ranks of the desperately poor but from the disappointed. His paternal grandfather was an admiral in the Confederate Navy, his maternal grandfather a prosperous railroad executive, yet such a pedigree didn't guarantee a comfortable existence. (The law of the capitalist jungle is harsh.) Born in Baltimore in 1878, the only son of a vain, ineffectual, alcoholic father and a mother desperately clinging to memories of southern gentility, Sinclair spent much of his childhood in a succession of ever-shabbier boardinghouses. Often as a boy he was sent to the saloons to find Upton Beall Sinclair Sr. and bring him home.

Despising his father's weakness, Sinclair became a lifelong teetotaler and a fiercely independent autodidact. Although he didn't go to school until he was 10, he graduated from high school at 14 and began studies that same fall at the City College of New York. After finishing at CCNY he spent two years at Columbia University. Blessed with a quick intelligence and an exceptionally retentive memory, Sinclair also displayed a prodigious capacity for hard work. He'd started writing for publication while still in high school, and among his early books were two pseudonymous series of boys' adventure novels, one centered on West Point and its graduates, the other on Annapolis.

The fire-breathing radical, hymning the Spanish–American War? Well, this came before Sinclair's conversion to socialism at age 24, but he always regarded himself as a patriot, calling America to be true to its better self. People were naturally good and generous, he believed, if best kept at a distance. (By temperament he was inclined to be fastidious as well as abstemious.) The troubles besetting the land could be traced to the capitalist system and the "interlocking directorates" that kept it firmly and oppressively in place. Change the system and an enlightened state would blossom.

Sinclair always regarded himself as a patriot, calling America to be true to its better self.

Those convictions, tempered by experience, sustained Sinclair for the rest of his life, fueling decades of activism, scores of books, and a serious run for governor of California in 1934. His causes were many. He deplored the exploitation of workers and made their plight uncomfortably palpable, most memorably in *The Jungle* and his 1917 novel *King Coal*. He preached temperance, exposed the seamy side of the liquor industry, and depicted the ravages of drink; Arthur describes *The Wet Parade* (1931) as "the only novel by a major American writer in praise of Prohibition." (A movie based on the book, starring Jimmy Durante, Walter Huston, and Robert Young, appeared not long before repeal.) He advocated press reform in *The Brass Check* (1919), a witty polemic, and in a book he wrote for his gubernatorial campaign—titled, with characteristic hubris, *I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty*—where he proposed that newspapers be run by boards that included two college professors, an at-large member appointed by the governor, and "employees of the paper." Since, in the new socialist order, there would be "no private businesses to provide them with advertising subsidies," the papers would be responsible and public-minded.

A figure so conspicuously occupied with telling other people what to do and what not to do is sure to draw plenty of return fire. Sinclair's first marriage ended in scandal, much to the delight of the newspapers, which relished the spectacle of this high-minded critic of the institution of marriage brought low when his wife and one of his writer friends discovered their elective affinities. Instead of blessing their union, Sinclair sued for divorce. He met with three presidents and counted Albert Einstein among his friends, yet for all the public hubbub he spent more than half of his 90 years living in relative seclusion with his second wife. (That marriage lasted almost 50 years, ending with his wife's death after a long illness during which he cared for her with remarkable devotion.)

About age 60, when many writers are beginning to run down, he commenced work on what became a series of eleven novels featuring Lanny Budd, a dashing American hero whose exploits allowed Sinclair to touch on all the major events of the 20th century up to the early 1950s. These are boys' adventure stories for grown-ups (one of them, *Dragon's Teeth*, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1943), written by a man with a well-stocked mind and an enormous fund of experience, and for all their clunky contrivances they are more diverting than the works of many a literary darling.

Living in Monrovia, Calif., and painfully lonely when his second wife died—he was 82 at the time—he asked

Mr. Wilson is the editor of *Books & Culture*, a bimonthly review.

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his friends Richard and Kathleen Armour to find him a helpmate: "Get me someone who's literate, and get me a Democrat." The bill was filled by a spirited widow, Mary Elizabeth Willis, whose husband had been the president of Scripps College in Claremont. Sinclair proposed the night they met. She was utterly different from his second wife, Craig ("as gregarious as Craig had been solitary," Arthur writes); she promised, as she phrased it, "to put the 'social' in socialism, the 'sin' in Sinclair, and the 'rove' in Monrovia." She also helped to heal the long estrangement between Sinclair and his son David, his only child. They had six happy years together before her death in 1967; Sinclair himself died a year later.

There are two predictable responses to Sinclair's story as Arthur has entertainingly told it, one from the Left and the other from the Right. The former—of the Daily Kos variety—will call for a return to "radical" politics of the kind that Sinclair espoused. (In this account, Sinclair's forthright anti-Communism in the 1950s, a reversal after a long period of making excuses for Stalin, will be passed over in silence or dismissed as a late-life capitulation to the powers that be.) The latter will regard Sinclair as a dangerously loony utopian whose interest for us today is strictly admonitory: Look where such notions lead!

On the contrary. If Sinclair, like his intellectual progeny on the contemporary left, was very fortunate *not* to live in a society of the type he advocated, America was equally fortunate to have Sinclair. As Richard Hofstadter observed in *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, "one of the major virtues of liberal society" is its capacity to sustain "a variety of styles of intellectual life. . . . What matters is the openness and generosity needed to comprehend the varieties of excellence that could be found even in a single and rather parochial society."

Unwieldy and imperfect as our democracy may be, Sinclair's life testifies to the genius and robustness of the American polis. And impervious to irony as he often seemed, I suspect that Sinclair himself came to recognize his good fortune: to live and work for 90 years in a country that honored its principled critics instead of shooting them. **NR**

■ FILM ■

Oliver's Story

ROSS DOUTHAT

THIS spring, shortly after the release of *United 93*, the cultural critic Ron Rosenbaum fretted that Hollywood's interest in the heroism of Flight 93's passengers might be "a symptom of our addiction to fables of redemptive uplift." By swaddling the horror of 9/11 in the ennobling story of the flight that fought back, he suggested, we were telling ourselves a comforting lie about that day, and clinging to the delusion that "there must be a silver lining: It's always darkest before the dawn; the human spirit will triumph over evil; there must be a pony."

Well, forget the doomed flight and its heroic passengers—the true-to-life story told in Oliver Stone's *World Trade Center*, about two New York cops trapped in the rubble of the Twin Towers and then borne up, like Ishmael from the wreck of the *Pequod*, to the comforting arms of their relieved families, is 9/11's pony if I've ever seen one. *World Trade Center* is a movie about courage, endurance, faith, family, and the triumph of the human spirit. It's the most conservative film of Oliver Stone's career, both artistically and politically. It's the September 11 movie you can take the whole family to see. And there's something more than a little bogus about it.

Not that Stone doesn't have an extraordinary story to tell. Sgt. John McLoughlin (Nicolas Cage, mustachioed and hangdog) leads a team of cops south from the Port Authority to the Trade Center; among them is an eager-beaver young officer named Will Jimeno (Michael Peña). The disaster quickly engulfs them, in a series of scenes that feel at once shocking and stagy. It's been so long since the watchdogs of the media have allowed us to see

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the images of fire and blood and people leaping to their deaths that Stone's re-creation can't help but make the audience shudder. Yet it's also impossible for any group of milling actors to summon up as fierce a sense of ghastly reality as the original footage did. Memory is still stronger than art, for now.

Then the world comes down around them. This is the only truly surprising thing about *World Trade Center*—how quickly it all happens, and how little the men actually accomplish. You expect dramatic rescues and scenes in smoke-clogged stairwells, but the team of cops never actually enters the Towers at all. They're still underground, gathering up gear and making their way through a subterranean shopping mall, when the buildings above give way and fall.

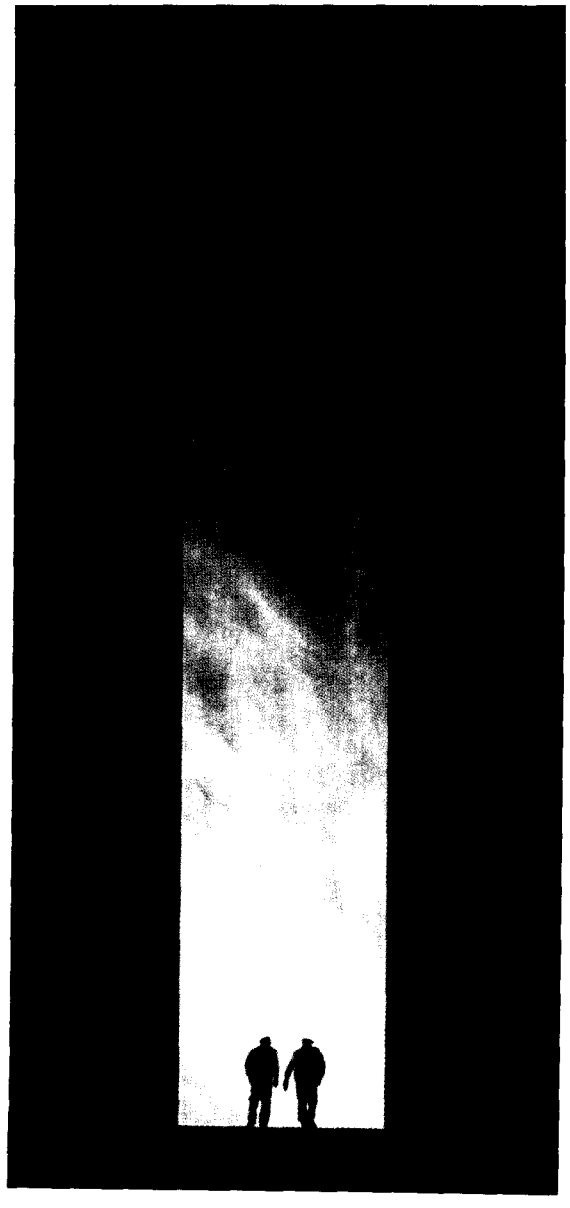
From that point on, the movie is just the two surviving officers, pinned together under the rubble; their wives and families in the suburbs, dying a thousand deaths while they wait for any news; and the remarkable odyssey of Dave Karnes (a granite-carved Michael Shannon), an ex-Marine working a corporate job in Connecticut who gets a message from God, puts his uniform on, and heads for Lower Manhattan to help. Stone cuts away from these narrative strands occasionally, but never for long: The movie's vision of 9/11 begins and ends with the trapped men, their families, and their determined rescuer.

And therein lies the problem. Cage is a great actor, and Peña a fine one, but they are trapped not only by the weight of the buildings but by the limitations of the script, which is woefully underwritten for a movie where the only thing to see for an hour or more is two men talking to each other to keep themselves alive. It's a moving story, of course—it can't help being moving—and there are striking images throughout: Cage's angular face shrouded in dust and pebbled stone; Peña's vision of Jesus Christ, white-robed and faceless and proffering a water bottle; and of course Ground Zero itself, as twisted and terrifying as ever, an unmade world that dwarfs the men combing its canyons for survivors. But there's no real tension in the narrative—you sense from the beginning that the men will make it out, that their rescue is only a matter of time—and no real insight either. The two trapped cops begin the film as Everyman, and end it the same way.

So too with Maggie Gyllenhaal as Peña's pregnant, spitfire wife, and Maria Bello as Cage's guarded soccer-mom spouse, both of whom are saddled with roles that give them nothing to do but wait and weep and wonder. Shannon's ex-Marine is more interesting—he plays Karnes as a hero with more than a hint of holy madness—but he's only a bit player in the drama of the two families, a drama that seems insufficient to the magnitude of the day it's meant to summon up and honor.

There is too much in *World Trade Center* that feels second-rate—not only the limping, cliché-hobbled script, but the overscrubbed child actors, the pro forma flashbacks to domestic bliss, and the fact that each relationship is given exactly one sentimental, jokey hook to reel the audience in. (For Peña and Gyllenhaal, it's a squabble over what to name their child; for Cage and Bello, it's an unfinished kitchen.) This is a Stone movie without any jump cuts or conspiracies, and it's admirable, in a sense, that he attempted it—but admirable in the way of a Hallmark special, or a Discovery Channel docudrama.

In the end, *World Trade Center* is a 9/11 story that feels oddly detached from 9/11 itself—not least because nearly all the suffering it depicts proves ephemeral. Each wife is given a single encounter that's meant to suggest the scope of September 11's toll: Bello hugs the sobbing mother of a presumed-dead elevator operator; Gyllenhaal pauses, stunned, in front of a wall of missing-person posters. But those fleeting scenes aside, this is a movie that's only interested in triumph: The men beat the odds, and the rescue workers succeed in digging them out, the wives get their husbands back, and Karnes's Marine fulfills God's call. It's a film about a world-historical tragedy that somehow feels insufficiently tragic, and while I suspect this will not be a popular comparison, it sometimes feels like a poor man's version of James Cameron's *Titanic*, with the action confined to a single escaping lifeboat while the ship goes down offstage.



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

It's worth contrasting Stone's movie, too, with *United 93*, which told a 9/11 story similarly charged with heroism but never flinched away from the larger darkness of the day. *United 93* stirred up old emotions and ripped wounds raw; I saw it twice and wished I hadn't; and both times came out of the theater unsure what purpose had been served by letting myself be harrowed, and uncertain whether the movie should have been made at all. Whereas *World Trade Center* inspires no such doubts or agonized ambivalence, because for the most part it inspires nothing at all—except an appreciation for the strangeness of God's providence, and a lump in the throat that aches but doesn't linger. **NR**

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■ CITY DESK ■

Talking the Talk

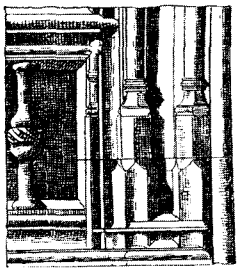
RICHARD BROOKHISER

I was being interviewed once, and the reporter described my accent as "northeastern throat." So that's what they think we sound like. But the city has many subaccents, attached to castes, as well as ethnicities and races. Many of them have moved to a house near you.

In the coffee house down the street I hear, of a morning, the business accent. Businessmen sit on rickety chairs at small round tables, in suits as out of place as SWAT team body armor. To give redundant proof of their station in life they have laptops open at parade rest in front of them. But the spoor that marks them is the business accent. The accent is louder than normal speech; they talk as if they were on cellphones. (When they gather at night in restaurants, where they order steaks made from epoxy, their voices rise to the level of barks.) The business accent has the asyncopated rhythm of French pop music—rigid, utterly devoid of swing. It comes accompanied by business slang, which is more than product names or market lingo. Business slang revels in perverse usage. What might get you flunked in English I in Ankara or Tokyo, if your teacher knew more than you did, strikes English-speaking businessmen as lively innovations: e.g., *grow* as a transitive verb, not applied to crops or beards—we will *grow* the business; we will *grow* the economy. (You will, Fowler won't.) Business slang also cultivates a rhetoric of abuse, not as florid as that of gangsters or gangstas, but devoted nevertheless to contempt and control. Ripping open those suits and displaying their chest hair would be attended with difficulties—lost buttons, graying chest hairs—so businessmen talk trash instead. At a distance they sound like this: *Blat blot blat blotta grow blot blatta piece of work.*

Why would anyone want to talk like this? Because the business of business is business, and making money at business is a skill. Your fellows want to know that you are in the know, and your clients want to know it even more. You wouldn't want to hand your patent or your Keogh to some ninny. Hence an accent. The noise, the roughness, and the bluntness convey energy, determination, and focus. Hence the business accent.

Many years ago preppies were the subject of handbooks and jokes; their style has diffused into a fine J. Crew mist. But real preppies still walk the earth, speaking the preppie accent. You might encounter it if you deal with a design firm. The design firm will send a team to the meeting: young Asian assistants; an artist (ethnicity immaterial, so long as he wears a ponytail); and, fronting the team, a preppie. He has this role because he kind of knows business, and he kind of knows the arts, and he kind of knows how to deal with people (more about business and arts than people, actually). His accent is a drawl. It does not transform the sound of vowels, as coastal Southern accents do, it merely slows the tempo of everything; there is also a drop in pitch of about an octave. Preppie slang consists of childish locutions, attended by so many honor guards of irony and seriousness that you can never tell which is in command. That is old news; what I have noticed that may be newish (funny, you don't look newish)(see how it works?) is the indicator of quantity. This is a quick, soft repeated sound, *ch-ch-ch-ch-ch*, such as a small rodent makes, or a farm wife calling chickens. If you were writing, you would write *etc.*; if you were a young woman, you would say *what*ever. Preppies chirp.



Now why would anyone talk like that? The business accent is the accent of those making money. The preppie accent is the accent of those whose money has been made, *ch-ch-ch* years ago. The accent announces confidence and ease. The world needs both kinds of people, but I, says the preppie, am the latter.

Gay men, even now that they are marrying in Massachusetts, still disproportionately sport shaved heads and ear studs (but make sure that stud is not on a gangsta). Once again, however, the best field mark is accent. Not all gay men use the gay accent, but every man who uses it is gay. Lesbians talk like girls or truckers, and never use it. The gay accent is emphasis, based on knowingness. It implies the surprise of the straight eavesdropper, but the user is never surprised, because he knows. Evelyn Waugh made an early stab at the gay accent in his first novel *Decline and Fall*. Someone at a country-house party has suggested playing cards. "'Wouldn't that be rather *fast*?' said Miles. 'It *is* Sunday. I think cards are divine, particularly the kings. Such *naughty* old faces!'" The italics and the exclamation point are marks of Waugh's status as an explorer; they are like monsters in the new oceans of Renaissance maps. Generations of familiarity now make them unnecessary; straights just aren't surprised anymore. The gay accent continues though, code for exploded secrets.

Gay men who talk like this do so in honor of powerful women, generally their mothers, modified by diva icons—Lady Bracknell, Bette Davis, Simon Cowell (in America all Brits are women)(see how it works?). I apologize to the science heads, who know that gayness is a product of genetics and brain chemistry, and will be eliminated by embryonic selection and meds, as will we all.

I, to end with a confession, have the intellectual accent: boorish pauses, interrupted by bursts of speech, playful or pedantic. Lack of social grace + narcissism + love of words = us. Higher education has spread the intellectual accent throughout the republic. I hear myself best when I speak to someone from another world, usually rural—the retired farmer with the roadside stand in Kyserike, my trainer from Andros. They love to talk; they pause before they laugh, then laugh for a long, long time. **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Let Him Live?

NEW YORK, JULY 21

WHEN I was young I would play with my younger sister weighty moral games. I remember one of them which said . . . Suppose by pushing down just here (I touched my thumb down on a spot of grass) we could kill one Chinese at the other end of the world and we'd get $1 million. Should we do it?

No, Tish said. That would be murder.

I tried to prolong the grand inquiry by pointing out that there were different kinds of murder, some more sinful than others. "It wouldn't be as though we pulled out a pistol and shot the man."

She lingered for a moment, but came back. No, she said.

Caeteris paribus, we understand President Bush to be talking about the same thing. The circumstances are different, but, he insists, there is someone down there and we can't just do him in, whatever the benefits.

We dig in and learn the first lesson, which is that there is a difference between adult stem cells and embryonic stem cells. In vetoing the one bill, while signing another one more limited in scope, Bush made the point that he could not in good faith direct public money to embryonic-stem-cell research. Such research accepts the temptation of using embryonic stem cells to support experimental work, never mind that such work is designed to intervene in the development of cells in such a way as might hinder, or even eliminate, malformations that produce sundry human afflictions.

Bush makes several points. The first is that it was he who initiated the very idea of federal subsidies for stem-cell research by scientists bent on improving human health. What he did, in 2001, was authorize the use of stem-cell lines that had already been extracted from embryos.

But he distinguished sharply between the use of these cells, which had zero prospect of developing into human life, and embryos that might conceivably serve as way stations to human life.

Last year President Bush held a ceremony at the White House honoring 21 families. The babies brought into the East Room were manifestly alive and healthy. They had been adopted as frozen embryos and implanted in the wombs of their new mothers, who had brought them to term. The president's point was that he would never be instrumental in the use of public funds for research that began by destroying organic material which might result in such children as were in the White House that day.

There is no law on the books, and Mr. Bush does not seek one, that would make it criminal to kill embryos in order to use their cells experimentally for scientific work. And we know that research that entails the use of embryonic stem cells is going on, not only in foreign medical centers, but here in the U.S. Mr. Bush hasn't asked for a declaration of war against those scientists, but he does ask the public at large to acknowledge that there is a moral line here that requires attention. At some point scientists need to stay their hands, guided by different criteria from those that Hitler was guided by.

Critics of the president, in high fury, say numerous things, among them that embryos by the millions are fated to die as a matter of course, so that to single out those that die, so to speak, under the researcher's knife is arbitrary and morally meaningless.

Well, so the argument goes, but we can take whatever satisfaction we wish from the knowledge that there is one Chinese there, whose life has been saved.

Chewing the Figures

NEW YORK, JULY 28

FIFTY years ago, Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois appeared in the Senate chamber lugging a huge manuscript. He plopped it on the rostrum and—wept. Yes, he actually cried. Tears ran down his face. When he recovered, he addressed his colleagues.

"That," he said, pointing to the mass of paper, "is the budget. I have spent the past three days studying it. I am a professional economist. I can tell you that there are only two people in the United States who know what is in this budget: the director of the budget, and I. And I weep because notwithstanding that I was a college professor, I am incapable of telling you what is in that budget."

And that was 50 years ago! Talk about *mutatis mutandis*: 1956 to 2006—the federal budget.

But let us attempt two things at this sitting. The first is to give in simple figures the case against President Bush. Here is the spending reduced to percentage comparisons, as done for *USA Today* by Richard Wolf this April.

"This year," Wolf writes, "Congress trimmed $39 billion over five years from benefit programs. The White House wants to go further 'to prevent [Wolf is quoting Scott Milburn of the White House Office of Management and Budget] severe economic and fiscal consequences for our children and grandchildren.'"

Wolf then compares Bush with the previous seven presidents. He gives the average annual change in spending for each administration in three categories (all adjusted for inflation): a) overall federal spending, b) spending on defense, and c) spending on K–12 education.

Johnson: 6 percent, 5 percent, 31 percent. Nixon–Ford: 3 percent, -6 percent, 3 percent. Carter: 4 percent, 3 percent, 1 percent. Reagan: 3 percent, 4 percent, 0 percent. G. H. W. Bush: 2 percent, -4 percent, 5 percent. Clinton: 2 percent, -2 percent, 3 percent. G. W. Bush: 5 percent, 8 percent, 7 percent

Never mind—at this moment—qualifying one's reactions on the basis of national and international events. The fact of it is that the increased expenditures by President Bush stand out hugely compared with all seven predecessors except Johnson.

But listen now to Karl Rove, the president's principal exegete. He spoke to the American Enterprise Institute six weeks after Wolf's article appeared in *USA Today*.

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Mr. Rove began by describing the scene in the last year of President Clinton's tenure. Rove summarized what it is one sees when the economy is declining, namely, falling investment, falling consumer confidence, and falling stock markets. "The stock market began its decline in mid-January 2000, dropping from an all-time high of more than 11,700 in the Dow to below 9,800 in early March 2000." By the third quarter of 2000, GDP had declined by an annual rate of 0.5 percent. "And all of this took place before George W. Bush set foot in the Oval Office."

The Bush administration moved in on 1) taxes, 2) trade, and 3) spending.

The charge that only the rich were the beneficiaries of the tax cuts? Rove answers: "If this were true, then logic tells you that the percentage of federal income taxes paid by the wealthy would be falling after the tax cuts." That did not happen: The top 1 percent of the nation's earners, those making more than $317,000 per year, saw their share of the nation's income tax go up (by 1.5 percent), not down. The top 3 percent (making more than $200,000) paid a 5 percent larger share of taxes. Rove quoted a finding of the *Wall Street Journal*: "For every 100 Americans today, the wealthiest three are paying taxes equivalent to the other 97 combined."

And, of course, Rove spoke of the great paradox: tax rates down, but revenues up. "If revenues for 2006 grow by 11 percent, then federal taxes will be equivalent to 18.4 percent of the economy, higher than the 40-year historical average. In the words of the *Wall Street Journal*, this is 'the largest two-year increase in tax revenue collections, after adjusting for inflation, that has ever been recorded.'"

Karl Rove is exuberant on the matter of U.S. trade. In 2005, 52 percent of all U.S. goods exported went to our free-trade partners, nations that represent only 14 percent of the world's GDP. "Clearly," Rove concluded, "it is in our interests to tear down walls to the sale of American goods and services around the globe." And, Rove insists, Mr. Bush has reduced the growth of non-security discretionary spending every year he has served.

A grand reconciliation of these two sets of figures is a challenge—not only for Karl Rove and *USA Today*, but for all voters. And all taxpayers.

Everybody's Business

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1

THE old injunction about minding your own business has always been problematic, because carried to formal lengths it distresses other laws, laws that have to do with being one's brother's keeper. From large-scale national perspectives, there are the laws that translate into maintaining balances of power. You can try to ignore it when you hear that Hitler has ultimate solutions about how to deal with Germany's Jews, but meanwhile it makes sense to maintain your fleet in good condition, never mind if regulating German Jews is other people's business.

Itchy stuff. In the 19th century moral realities hardened on the subject of slavery. That too had been thought of as other people's business for a long time, even when the "other people" were your neighbors. After a while, it was felt that slavery was other people's business only if the practice of it was removed at least by regional boundaries. And then after a couple of generations, it was resolved that slavery was not a business to be tolerated anywhere within the nation's territory.

The problem of which communities' practices continue to be sheltered as other people's business is touched on in a story in the *New York Times* about what they are taking to be their own business in a province of Indonesia. Aceh is a strait-laced part of the Muslim community. The photo shows a man standing in a long white shirt. On his left is a man dressed in black whose face is shrouded by a mask. He is holding a rattan cane, about a meter long and 0.75 centimeters thick.

The photo depicts one stroke laid on by the "executor"—that is what the Wilayatul Hisbah are called, the enforcers of Shariah, or Muslim law. The story says that on the seventh stroke, the man fell down in a faint. His sentence was 40 lashes of the cane, and the eager crowd was promised that when the man came back to life, he would receive the balance due of his sentence, another 33 strokes.

One is permitted to pause in cosmopolitan surprise that seven strokes of the rattan cane, inflicted on a man's back, would cause him to pass out. Old Etonians must be especially skeptical, though their own Wilayatul Hisbahs aimed at buttocks, not backs, but often went on past a seventh stroke, with not much evidence of students fainting.

The point here being made is that there is in Aceh a revival of Muslim fundamentalism. "Aceh," the reporter tells us, "is undergoing a profound transformation that is likely to have considerable impact on the nature of Islam in Indonesia, the most populous Muslim country." We learn that there are over 40 prisoners arrested for thievery, and it is being deliberated whether to chop off their hands. We are reminded that this remains the practice in Saudi Arabia, and one is left to suppose that it is routine. If it were spectacularly unusual, it would presumably have rated a photo and a story in the *New York Times*. But engines of the news cannot be alert to mundane torture. If somebody is going to be hanged every morning at Tyburn, after a while one loses interest, and that, really, is the point of this essay.

Much hangs on the development of Muslim practice in the 21st century. It can't remain somebody else's business exclusively if organized communities take to chopping off people's hands. We know that cheek by jowl in the Middle East we have had developments along the lines of the Taliban, with torture and death, and along different lines, as in Turkey. It is precisely an urgent moral concern what practices will govern life and law enforcement in Iraq—and Lebanon and Syria.

It has been a matter of huge reluctance even to think of, let alone refer to, a great religious-moral collision approaching, setting Islam against the Judaeo-Christian world. The old counsel is to be permissive about what other people do, especially if they are self-governing. But, in present circumstances, these do not consolidate as purely local matters. What happens in Aceh, when Islam is reviving throughout Indonesia, is exactly as reported, a matter of profound international concern.

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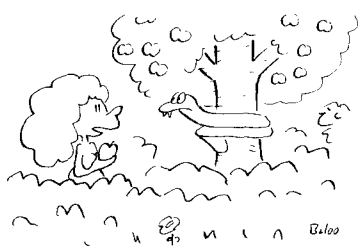

"Does this obligate me in any way?"

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happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Espying the Jew

EARLIER this year, I chanced to be at a public meeting with the great Caroline Glick of the *Jerusalem Post*. Afterwards, a gentleman from the audience casually made some allusion to some or other aspect of the Jewish calendar, at which I looked momentarily befuddled. And so Caroline helpfully explained to him that "Mark's not a Jew, but he plays one on TV."

By which she meant that, as I publicly "defend" Israel (which is, in itself, a curious formulation, implying that the issue is the legitimacy of the Zionist Entity) and as I have a suspiciously Jewish-sounding name, I've been routinely assumed, at least since 9/11, to be a Jew. I'm honored to be so mistaken. And, in truth, even if I weren't, there's not much I could do about it. Someone asked me on the radio in Australia, two-thirds into a long, long discussion, about how Jewish I was, and I answered that the last Jewish female in my line was one of my paternal great-grandmothers and that both my grandmothers were Catholic. I then filled in a bit of remaining family background for the two or three Aussies who hadn't yet expired from total boredom.

And, of course, I'd only been off the air for ten minutes before I was deluged with e-mails triumphantly announcing, "Ah-ha, something to hide, have we, Steyn? Or should I say Stein? Or is it Goldstein? Why so defensive about being Jewish, eh? How come you don't have the guts to declare your Jewishness every time you write about Israel? Or do your Jewish media masters encourage you to lie to your readers?"

I didn't know I was hiding it. There's a couple of FAQs about it on the biographical page of my website—"But why not on the homepage, Goldsteinberg, eh? Something to be ashamed of, is it?"—and, given the number of columns I've published about Israel since 2001, it would be a bit clunky to have to explain it every time. I did think of writing back to my correspondents wondering if they could suggest a convenient shorthand—a yellow star next to the byline, maybe.

But I realized, in fact, that this cheap crack would be doing the Third Reich an injustice. Even the Nuremberg Laws would have cut me more slack than my Internet chastisers: "Article Five, Section One: A Jew is an individual who is descended from at least three grandparents who were, racially, full Jews." Under the 1935 German laws on race, I would have qualified as a bona fide citizen of the Reich. But the cyber-enforcers among my readers run a tighter ship than the Führer. Half my mail reads like some ancient Woody Allen pickup line: Have you got a little Jew in you? Would you like one?

I thought of asking them whether they could suggest a convenient shorthand —a yellow star next to my byline, maybe.

Nick Cohen, of the *Observer* in London, found himself in a similar situation. Pre-9/11, I always thought of him as an Old Labour leftie—i.e., well to the left of Tony Blair. But he knew enough about the Iraqi victims of Saddamite totalitarianism to be unimpressed by the pre-war London "peace" marches. And so he too was deluged by mail accusing him of bad faith or, more to the point, bad blood:

"I typed out a reply that read, 'but there hasn't been a Jewish member of my family for 100 years.' I sounded like a German begging a Gestapo officer to see the mistake in the paperwork. Mercifully, I hit the 'delete' button before sending."

So, yes, I am a Jew, because, after all, only a Jew could "defend" Israel, right? I don't really "defend" it on anything but utilitarian grounds: Every country in the region—Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Saudi Arabia—dates as a sovereign state from 60–70 years ago. The only difference is that Israel has made a go of it. So should we have more states like Israel in the region or more like Syria? I don't find that a hard question to answer.

And the minute people start arguing about going back to the "1967 borders" or the "1949 armistice," I figure, Why stop there? Why not go back to the 1922 settlement when the British Mandate of Palestine was created and rethink London's decision to give 78 percent of the land to what's now Jordan? If you propose that, folks think you're nuts. But why should 40- or 60-year-old lines on a map be up for perpetual renegotiation but 80-year-old lines be considered inviolable?

Well, because one involves Jews and the other doesn't. The oldest hatred didn't get that way without an ability to adapt. Jews are hated for what they are—so, at any moment in history, whatever they are is what they're hated for. For centuries in Europe, they were hated for being rootless-cosmopolitan types. Now there are no rootless European Jews to hate, so they're hated for being an illegitimate Middle Eastern nation-state. If the Zionist Entity were destroyed and the survivors forced to become perpetual cruise-line stewards plying the Caribbean, they'd be hated for that, too.

The only difference now is that Jew-hatred is resurgent despite the full knowledge of where it ended up 60 years ago. Today, Nasrallah and Ahmadinejad openly urge the destruction of the Jews, and moderate Muslim leaders sit silently alongside them, and European media commentators take the side of the genocide-inciters, and U.N. bigwigs insist we negotiate with them. In the 1930s, the willingness of Europe not to see the implied endpoint in those German citizenship laws left a moral stain on that continent. Seventy years on, it's not implied, and the moral stain on us will be worse. NR

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